YANKEE DOINGS

Photo by Keystone View Co.

VOL. X, NO. 11 | YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION | NOVEMBER, 1929

E. H. ELDREDGE W. J. KEVILLE (LM)

ELDREDGE & KEVILLE

Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance
Care of Property a Specialty

TEN STATE STREET
DEVONSHIRE BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS.

CHARLES I. BOYNTON (M)
(Div. Q.M. Office)

Life Insurance Expert

30 STATE STREET, Room 701
BOSTON, MASS.

Insurance of Every Kind

Telephone HUBBARD 0457

Are you considering a

FORD

for business or pleasure?

If so—call on:
PAUL H. PRESTON (M)
MacKENZIE MOTOR SALES, Inc.
185 MASSACHUSETTS AVE. CAMBRIDGE
Porter 6060

Y.D.V.A.
SALES DEPARTMENT

200 Huntington Avenue

HISTORIES, JEWELRY, ETC.

YD Automobile Emblems (Plus 15c postage)	$1.50
YD A.E.F. Automobile Emblems (Plus 15c Postage)	2.75
YD Lapel Buttons (For Members only)	.25
YD Watch Fobs	.25
"New England in France," by Emerson G. Taylor. History of the 26th Division	3.00
101st Engineer History	5.00
102nd Field Artillery History	5.00
YD Club Cigars (Individual foil-wrapped) Box of 50	5.50
Hammered Brass Desk Memo Pads	1.50
Oxidized Brass Paper Knives	1.25
Sterling Belt Buckles	1.50
Oxidized Brass Perpetual Desk Calendars	.65

YD BUSINESS DIRECTORY

PATRONIZE YOUR OWN COMRADES

LISTINGS FOR YD MEN ONLY
One line 6 mos. $3.00; One year $5.50
Two lines 6 mos. $5.50; One year $10.00

Advertising, Printing and Typography

WALTER W. ANNABLE (M) (101st F. A.), The Berkeley Press, 72 Lincoln St., Boston. Typographic Service and Printing for Advertisers.

Camping and Outing Goods

MIKE DRISCOLL (M) (101st Eng.), Washington St., Corner of Devonshire St.

Flour

DONALD P. SANDS (M) (101st F. A.), Sands, Taylor & Wood Co., 28 Fitchburg St., Somerville, Mass. KING ARTHUR FLOUR.

Ford Automobiles

JOHN McKINNON (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.), Front Street. Sales & Service Co., Scituate, Mass. Telephone Sci. 98. Ford and Lincoln Cars, Ford Trucks, Fordson Tractors.

Fresh Eggs

T. P. CHANDLER (M) (101st F. A.), Froidmont Farm, Wrentham. Tel. Walpole 475.

Illustrating

P. O. PALMSTROM (M) (101st Engrs.), 194 Boylston St., Boston. Kenmore 0163.

Jewelry

JOHN F. MALONE (M) (102d F. A.), 387 Washington St., Boston. Liberty 2871.

This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN H. SHERBURNE (LM)
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
Secretary

KENNETH POULTON (M)
Treasurer

STAFF

Editor	PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
Associate Editors	GEORGE W. TWOMBLY (M)
	JOHN H. SMITH (M)
Art Editor	P. O. PALMSTROM (M)
Business Editor	WILLIAM SNYDER (M)

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION $2.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Editor

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

Two dollars of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.

THANK YOU

Among those who helped substantially to make the YD sojourn in France a success, Mme. la Comtesse d'Azy and Mme. la Vicomtesse d'Azy, the mother and the wife of Captain D'AZY, our old Artillery liaison officer, must not be forgotten.

They were absolutely indefatigable in offering and providing cars, arranging events and in other ways giving their whole-hearted support.

NOTICE TO "THOSE WHO WENT"

YANKEE DOINGS wants your personal experiences on the trip. Thousand of interesting happenings are known only to those who were at some particular spot at some particular time. Let us hear from you.

And another thing. If you have any good pictures, if you will loan the YD Club the films, we should like to have prints for our records.

TO THE YANKEE DIVISION, A. E. F.

By Charles Prince

(In Paris Edition, New York Herald)

When Freedom called her sons to save
Their birthright from imperious might,
You crossed in arms Atlantic's waves,
The Stars of France your beacon-light.
With stubborn brow and fiery eye,
You came to conquer or to die.

And Freedom won; her sons made good;
None better than New England's best,
As Saint-Mihiel and Belleau Wood,
Argonne, the Meuse, Champagne, attest.
Aye! In the air, on land and sea
You proved the valor of the Free.

Peace reigned, and grasping Commerce grew
The passion of the World again.
Forgetfulness—like stealthy dew—
Bedimmed the memories of men.
The spirit of your soul's crusade
Seemed buried in the vaults of Trade.

Ah! No! Your coming proves that still
The Flame lives in New England's heart.
No Wealth can tame her Yankee will.
At Freedom's call her sons will start
To rescue Right and carry on
The lamp God lit at Lexington.

SPECIAL SOUVENIR NUMBER

This number of YANKEE DOINGS is one we hope you will want to keep. It is late in coming out as the labor of compiling all the facts and interesting sidelights pertaining to the Overseas Pilgrimage has been no small one. All matter not concerning the Belleau Memorial and the Pilgrimage of Dedication has been omitted and will appear in the regular issue for December, which will come out on the customary date.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

You have seen the YD assortment of Christmas greeting cards for this year. What do you think of them? Aren't they far ahead of anything for the money we or anyone else has ever sent out in previous years?

Remember that no order is too large and none too small for us to fill. No better value anywhere and all the bother of shopping done away with.

Buy your cards from the Y.D.V.A. and receive double profit: full value once in the cards themselves, and full value again in the increased returns of service and entertainment which the organization will be able to give you.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

"Il n'y a qu'un Paris!" There is but one Paris. To attempt to define the varied fascinations of this enchantress of many moods is to try to capture in the unyielding fetters of printed words the hopes and aspirations, the joy and anguish, the genius and labor, the sublimity and vice, the dreams, the visions, the sentiments, and the passions of mankind. Approach her, then, seeking the cloister or the fleshpots, and your quest will not go unrewarded. For she is the mistress alike of the saint and the panderer, the visionary and the voluptuary, the poet and the apache, the ascetic and the pagan. Approach her as the philosopher to whom all life is worth the knowing; as the pagan to whom all beauty is sacred; abandon before entering her gates all prudery and provincialism; shed the inhibitions of inherited taboos, go forward with unclouded eyes and eager mind, and drink deeply of the cup she proffers. Search for no moral; tolerate in yourself no prejudice; in other places one may think, in Paris one feels.

* * * *

Translucent twilight bathing the matchless symmetry of the Place de la Concorde. The distant phantom outline of the Arch against a mother-of-pearl sky. Golden October leaves dropping noiselessly along the vista of the Champs Elysees. Suddenly a gleaming ivory finger pointing to Heaven as Egypt's ancient obelisk is flooded in the glow of unseen lights. The hidden fairy clan laugh in glee as the two great fountains burst into scintillating parabolas of amethysts and sapphires. A thousand fireflies alight at the same instant atop the slender columns encircling the vast square. The long colonnades of the Crillon and the Ministry of Marine, flanking Rue Royale suddenly glow in the white splendor of flood lights, then the long Grecian balustrade enclosing the Tuileries. From the pole atop the Ministry, the tri-color is gently lowered.

* * * *

Early hours of the morning in the swirling vortex of Maxim's. Silver pails, frosted and steaming as the garcon, with the solicitude of a young mother, deftly twirls the protruding black snout of Pol Roger or Heidseick to the music of the tinkle and swish of ice. Plop! a moment of feigned anxiety on garcon's face as he sniffs the cork, followed by an expression of beatitude. Ethereal beads mounting to the goblet's rim. Lift it with reverence: here is no dank cellar guarded by machine guns, but the warm summer sun on terraced hillsides, the chansons of the laborers in the vineyard, the captured spirit of Gallic joy and laughter and love.

"Why, be this Juice the growth of God who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare!
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?"

The wafting of faint perfumes that are France herself. Dark eyes asking and receiving; the pipes of Pan; doubts and questionings, and hard facts "melt and resolve themselves into a dew," the Universe assumes a new cohesion, seems for the moment understandable, thought skips lightly with sure feet and unclouded vision from height to height; fumbling reason abdicates to clear-eyed intuition.

* * * *

Amber sunlight of October morning gilds Napoleon's magnificent triumphal arch. Eternal flame. The red years, the valor and the glory, nights of terror we knew so well. "Ici repose un soldat Francais, mort pour la patrie."

* * * *

Night once more at the summit of Montmartre,—Paris, a carpet of twinkling jewels below—above the domes and spires of Sacre-Coeur. A dimly lighted little room, slow sips of wine, as we join in spontaneous merriment that only France can provide. Naughty little ballads in the lilting cadence of that musical tongue are rendered vividly alive with most exquisite mimicry. In heavy-footed English they would become bawdy and dull, here they ripple on in a sparkling pattern of wit and artistry.

* * * *

Sabbath morning beneath the vaulted nave of Notre Dame. Heaven-aspiring columns of ancient stone changing from the cold green of deep water to pale lilac of a spring morning as facets of light are reflected from the great rose windows. The thundering diapason of the world's greatest organ. Flickering tapers, kneeling forms, gleaming crucifix—the pageantry of religion.

* * * *

A turn of the kaleidoscope. Three A. M. and five YD men together in Paris. The picture is nearly complete without more words. A sleepy taxi driver is poked in the ribs and immediately expects some business. But no. "M'sieu, do you believe in prohibition?" "Ah, non, non, non non!" "Good for you, mon vieux!" Handclasps all around. The detail advances at right-shoulder with long loaves of French bread for rifles, and souvenirs in the shape of "dead soldiers" protruding from every pocket. Approaches an ancient vendor of newspapers. "Venez ici, old timer, do you believe in prohibition?" Old timer fails to compris. "M'sieu, aimez-vous le regime sec?" "Mais oui." "You do, you're in favor of prohibition?" "Oui, oui, oui." "Put his name down." And that explains a torn corner of a newspaper with "M. Picot, Marchant des Journeaux," written in the margin, which I found "among my souvenirs" and which so long baffled explanation.

* * * *

The last night. All partings have their pathos. The sitters and the sippers at the sidewalk tables gradually

melt away, companions grow sleepy and seek their beds. One last walk alone; twinkling lights in the Place Gambetta, the last flowers of the year sickly beneath the blue-white arcs.

Paris—who can be all things to all men—au revoir —but adieu? Jamais!

GENERAL SYNOPSIS OF YD PILGRIMAGE

It is probable that no one ever approached a task with a more humble sense of incompetence than we approach that of attempting to portray with any degree of success an event of the magnitude of the YD Pilgrimage. The events, official and unofficial; the items of personal interest, serious or humorous; the pleasant renewal of associations; the names of distinguished American and French men and women who labored with such signal success for the triumphal outcome of the ceremonies in Paris and at Belleau; the organizations of veterans and of women who gave unstinted co-operation; the eloquent addresses of friendship; descriptions of the background of cordiality and impressiveness surrounding each event:—each deserves a story of its own, and so far as is possible, each is at least touched upon in this issue. But to make selections from the heaped-up folios of correspondence and clippings piled high on the desk and from a brain equally crowded with personal recollections, and to combine them into an intelligent whole is a fear-inspiring task, calling for patience and a poor hope that the picture may in some measure be conveyed to those who were not with us. The many events are treated separately in these pages; in this place we attempt a general summary which may help as a key by which the detached fragments may be pieced together.

The 160 YD men and women, sailing from Boston on the Carmania on September 28, following a tumultuous send-off, enjoyed a remarkably smooth and pleasant crossing. Other than the thousand and one small "parties" and the equally numerous personal "sidelights," the three events deserving mention were the beautiful memorial service in mid-ocean for the dead Allied sailors of the war; the YD minstrel show the last night aboard, and the mock trail at which Judge LEGGAT (M) presided and in which Col. JOHNNY HYATT (M) was the prisoner. The crossing is told of in more detail by RALPH EASTMAN (M) elsewhere in this number.

Touching at Plymouth, England, a mass of correspondence was received by General SHERBURNE (LM) from BILL BLAKE (M) and JUD HANNIGAN (M), who with Viscomte Benoist d'Azy, had been working several weeks in Paris in preparation for the coming of the main group. They had already opened an office, hired a secretary, issued invitations, perfected arrangements for transportation, drafted a program of events and contacted the individuals and organizations, political, ecclesiastical and private which played such a great part in giving the ceremonies an importance and international character befitting its true significance. They had also established a splendid liaison with the press with the result that the dedication was thoroughly covered throughout all of France and the United States.

After a somewhat bumpy channel crossing, debarkation was effected at Havre early on Sunday morning, October 6. Customs examinations were waived. After a touching reception on the pier, which is described elsewhere, the party entrained in special cars, arranged for by the Franco-Belgique Tours Co. for a three and a half hour ride to Paris. At the Gare des Invalides, upon alighting, General EDWARDS (LM) and General SHERBURNE (LM) were affectionately greeted by General GOURAUD (HM) and formal expressions of felicity interchanged.

Headquarters Already in Operation

Waiting busses took the delegation to the several hotels. An office, consisting of two adjoining rooms on the first floor of the Hotel du Louvre, had already been established, and this served as information center and registration bureau throughout the official week. A surprising feature of the first few days was the number of YD men and friends of YD men, permanently or temporarily living in Paris, who put in their appearance, registered and became members of "the gang." Viscomte d'Azy, Major HANNIGAN (M), Col. BLAKE (M), "TED" NOYES (M) and a very efficient secretary, Miss Ohaneysan, had already perfected a rather smooth running organization and all things were on the move. This office was aided throughout by the wonderful co-operation of Capt. BERNARD CARTER (M) and his secretary, Miss Keun, of Morgan & Cie. Any job of typing or whatnot that too greatly taxed the capacity of the little YD staff was promptly turned over to the cohorts of J. P. Morgan, and results were always forthcoming. With the arrival of General SHERBURNE (LM), Col. KEVILLE (LM) and RALPH EASTMAN (M), the active officers of the Memorial, activity speeded up to a new high pitch. Daily bulletins were issued and distributed to the rooms of each member of the Pilgrimage, keep every one posted on the next day's program. An unvarying stream of reporters, photographers, well-wishers, emissaries of this department or that, and information seekers, poured in and out of the office. No doubt some of the delegation were out enjoying Paris those first few days, but those of us in the maelstrom of that office saw little but the four walls of the room. Capt. d'Azy, TED NOYES (M) and Miss Ohaneysan were in constant demand

to answer the unending telephone calls which came in the French tongue.

On Monday morning, in accordance with the first bulletin, the entire delegation assembled at the Arc de Triomphe to pay homage to the Unknown Soldier. This impressive ceremony is described elsewhere.

On Tuesday, as many as cared to took a bus trip to Versailles, where they were officially received and shown through the palace and gardens. At noon a group of about fifteen former officers of the Division and officers of the veteran organization were tendered a luncheon by General GOURAUD (HM) at his official residence in the Hotel des Invalides. This is told of elsewhere. Following the luncheon, the entire delegation was received by General Gouraud and personally conducted through the great war museum, a tour reaching a fitting climax in the rotunda enclosing Napoleon's tomb. In the blue and gold light filtered through the beautiful windows, all stood silent in the still living presence of the Emperor.

Reception at Union Interalliee

Wednesday was given over to an all day sightseeing bus trip of the interesting points in Paris. In the evening a dinner was tendered to about thirty of the delegation by the Cercle Interalliee, followed by a reception to which every YD man and woman was invited. These events are covered in this number.

At 8:00 o'clock on Thursday morning, October 10, the busses rolled away from Hotel du Louvre, bearing the pilgrims to Belleau, to witness and participate in the splendid culmination of years of planning and labor—the dedication of the Yankee Division Memorial.

Following the ceremonies of dedication, after a brief viewing of the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, the party was taken to Chateau Thierry, where luncheon was served in the Hotel Bonhomme, not far from the railroad station.

At this point the official program of the Pilgrimage was ended. Nearly every one returned to Paris to prepare for the several tours leaving on Saturday; the YD Pilgrimage Committee, under the captainship of SLATER WASHBURN (M), left directly in three big limousines for a junket of its own along the old battle lines. Some of the happenings (but not all) of this epochal advance will be related in another issue by BILL BROWN (LM).

A day or two in Paris sufficed to wind up the affairs of the YD office, and in groups of two to twenty-five, the delegation slipped out of the city to visit old scenes or new. Commencing on October 12, each Cunarder from France and England has been bringing back little groups, each filled with its own tales of adventure and fun.

LOOK WHO TURNED UP!

A surprising feature of the week's stay in Paris was the number of YD men, not part of the group who sailed from Boston, who turned up in the office at the Hotel du Louvre. Some of these are living permanently in Paris, others are there for a greater or less period of time. The register shows the names of: JEAN B. LEMEITOUR, ARTHUR I. "JIGGS" DONAHUE (102nd F. A.) who is with Gillette Safety Razor and gave free blades to all who wanted them; TED NOYES (M) (C Co., 104th Inf.), who, with his orchestra, left Paris for four months in Berlin just after the dedication; Col. HARRY B. BISSELL (M) (102nd Inf.) who arrived in France in August; EDWARD SEERY (I Co., 102nd Inf.) who is with the American Express Co., and has been eleven years in Paris (Ed drove the bus which carried the YD group on the battlefield trip); LOUIS KNASIN (103rd F. A.), DONALD R. MACAFEE (D Batt., 101st F. A.) who is Finance Officer, Department of France, A. L., and Manager of the Legion Memorial Building in Paris; LEWIS M. ARENSBERG (101st Inf.) who spent the summer in Europe; JACK S. CONNOLLY (M) who manages the European affairs of the Fox Film Co.; Captain BORDEN WILLIAMSON; Dr. WILLIAM BLANCHARD (M), Fr. OSIAS BOUCHER (M), A. F. GOLDBECK (G Co., 103rd Inf.) who has sales offices in both London and Paris; FRED M. WREN (M) (103rd Inf.) who came down from Rotterdam where he is in the U. S. Consular Service; RAYMOND P. HOSKINS (102nd F. H.) who is a nurse in the American Hospital at Neuilly; GEORGE A. LIVESY; and Col. OWEN H. KENAN (Med. Corps).

There were others, too, but their failure to register must be accepted as our reason for not giving their names.

WAR GLORY LIVES ON

(*From an Editorial in Paris Edition, New York Herald*)

Another event of touching significance will be the coming to France this week of two hundred and fifty veterans of the "Yankee" (26th) Division, who will dedicate the rebuilt church of Belleau, the tragic village the name of which will go down in history linked with a record of deeds of the highest heroism.

As the years pass demonstrations of the community of international sentiment, sanctified by thrilling memories, will be repeated. Many future generations will keep alive the splendid traditions of which these demonstrations are the symbol and the expression. Universal peace may mean an era of greater happiness for mankind; but it cannot obliterate the pure glory won by unselfish devotion and dauntless service in defensive war waged for the abolishment of unjustifiable pretexts for war.

DEDICATION OF THE YANKEE DIVISION MEMORIAL CHURCH AT BELLEAU

SIGNIFICANT EVENT IN HISTORY OF TWO GREAT SISTER REPUBLICS

HIGH OFFICIALS OF CHURCH AND STATE AID VETERANS OF DIVISION IN MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIES OF DEDICATION

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

The dedication of the Yankee Division's Memorial to its war dead, the re-built church opposite the American Cemetery in Belleau, France, on October 10, 1929, came as a culmination of years of effort and sacrifice on the part of the living veterans of the Division, and in its broader aspect, must be viewed as an historic event in the history of friendship between two great sister republics which has existed for over one hundred and fifty years.

Leaving Paris promptly at 8:00 o'clock in busses and private automobiles, on an overcast and threatening morning, the veterans of the Division with their hundreds of distinguished French and American guests arrived at the gates of the Aisne-Marne cemetery shortly after 10:30. What memories those last few miles evoked: la Ferte-sous-Jouarre, Montreuil-aux-Lions, Paris Farm, Lucy-le-Bocage, Torcy!

If only every last man of the old 26th could have had the thrill of that first view of our Memorial. Facing the rows of white crosses, and against its background of rolling fields—bloody fields eleven years ago—there it stands, so perfectly modelled on the lines of its ruined predecessor that it would seem that the dead had come to life again. Complete even to the clock whose hands pointed to 10:35, and the chimes which soon pealed the quarter hour—a Memorial beyond our fondest dreams. Down the little crooked street the re-built village of Belleau, against the horizon a long poplar-lined highway, in the foreground the familiar tent-shaped haystack. How familiar the setting, and in its midst this beautiful church, arisen as from a magician's wand.

Above the Gothic portal, the flags of America and France concealed the inscription which was later to be unveiled. At the left of the entrance stood a rough stand tastefully decorated with tricolored bunting and little flags. Above it a canopy had been erected to protect the speakers. All the space between the church and the road had been filled with gravel to replace the muddy clay of familiar memory, and enclosed with fragile lines of tricolored ribbon. Within this enclosure were several hundred chairs for the use of the veterans and guests. For the thoroughness of these preparations the assembly must divide their gratitude between M. d'Estailleur, the architect; Viscomte d'Azy, who made several hurried trips to Belleau during the last few days; Major Hannigan (M); and last but by no means least, Mr. Kaesse, the Superintendent of the American Cemetery, who provided the stand, the decorations and the chairs. Despite the gray skies from which rain was already falling, an atmosphere of eager antic-

Photo by Keystone

Bishop of Soissons Greets Gen. Edwards (LM)

ipation seemed to pervade the motley gathering already commencing to assemble.

Officials of Church and State

And a motley gathering it truly was: resplendent dress uniforms, sombre olive drab and horizon blue, the gorgeous tunics of the clergy, the everyday clothes of the American veterans, the quaint garb of the Society of Archers, the simple clothing of the hundreds of peasant folk, men, women, children and babes in arms. In all surely more than one thousand persons were present, among them some of the great figures of France. Despite his simple drab slicker concealing all medals and insignia of rank, perhaps the most impressive figure in all that great gathering was that of the one armed lion, General Gouraud. Mgr. Mennechet, Bishop of Soissons, Laon and St. Quentin who was to perform the ceremony of benediction, clad in his vestments of crimson, gold and pure white; Mgr. Ginisty, Bishop of Verdun in less resplendent garb; the ruddy faced Abbe Combes, cure of Belleau; the Vicar General of Soissons; l'Abbe Lombard of St. Mihiel, cures of the neighboring villages and distinguished church-

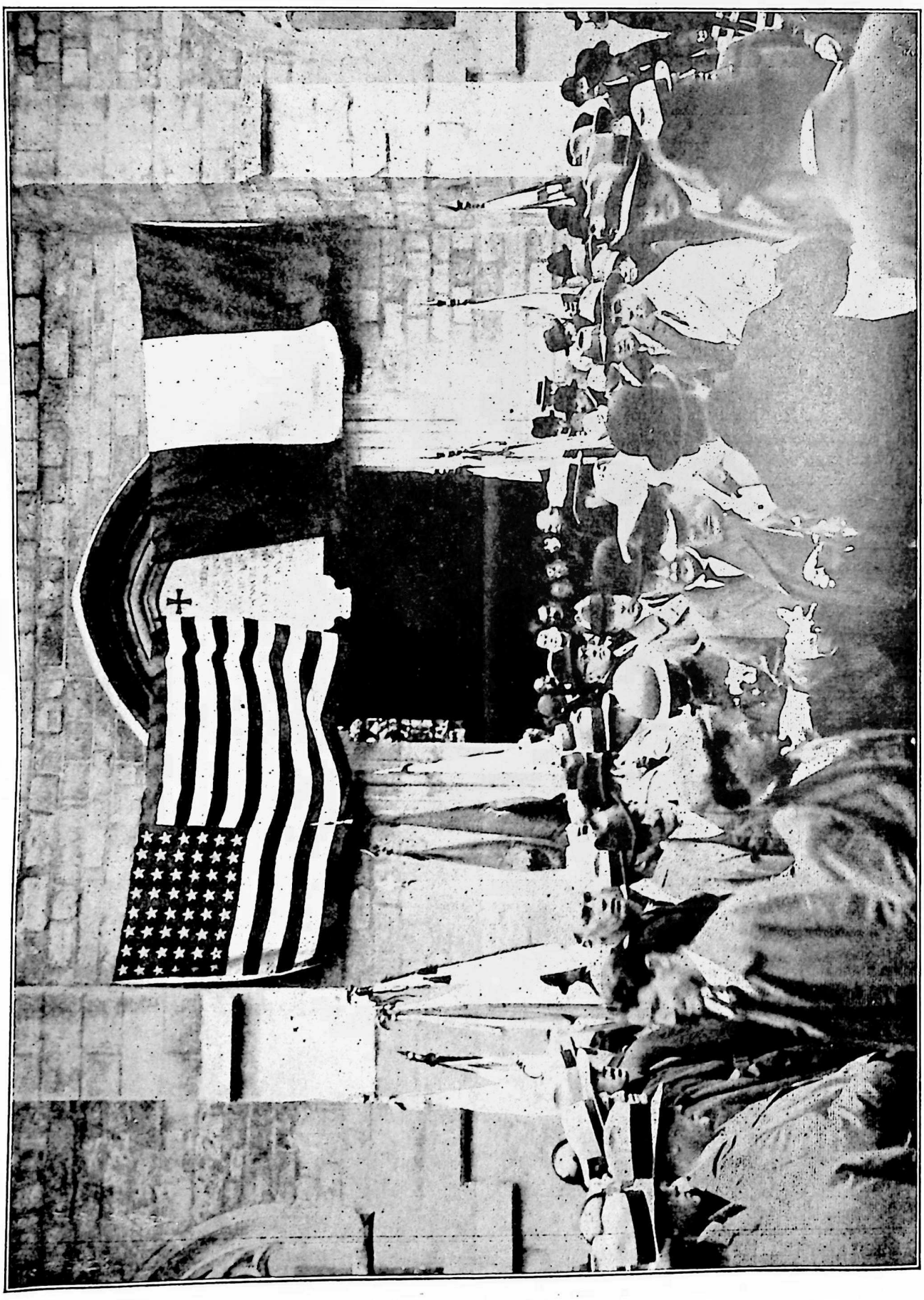


Photo by Keystone View Co.

VETERANS OF YANKEE DIVISION AND THEIR GUESTS LEAVING MEMORIAL CHURCH AFTER CEREMONY OF BENEDICTION

men of more distant towns; little altar boys out of the pages of some medieval volume—a pageant of color heightened by the ten fluttering banners massed about the portal. Our own beloved wartime leader, still the perfect soldier, erect and magnificent with gold sash and epaulets, and the great cross of the Legion of Honor about his neck; the familiar olive drab, stars and eagles of our other commanding officers; all found their place in the constantly changing picture.

Many departments of the French government were officially represented. Commandant Ripier was delegated by President Doumergue as his personal representative; General GOURAUD (HM) represented the Ministry of War, and Admiral Benet the Ministry of Marine. The Department of the Aisne was represented by its prefect, M. Gaussorgues; and the sous-prefeture of Soissons by Sous Prefet M. Lemoine. Brigadier General W. W. Harts acted as representative of the American Embassy of Paris. Among others present were: Major l'Hopital, former Adjutant to Marshal Foch, and possessor of 32 decorations; Rev. and Mrs. Julian S. Wadsworth of the Methodist Memorial at Chateau Thierry, General Brissaut, representing General Girard, Commander of the 2nd Military Area; Lt. Col. Bessiere, representing Marshal Petain; le Comte de Maleissye-Melun; Dr. Charles Prince, brother of the late Dr. Morton Prince; Comte de Boisrouvray; M. D'Estailleur, architect of the restoration; the Assistant Secretary of State for Fine Arts; M. Duforge, Mayor of Belleau; M. FLAMAND, French Consul of Boston; our own chaplains; Fr. WILLIAM J. FARRELL (M) and Fr. OSIAS BOUCHER (M); and scores of distinguished American and French men and women whose names are connected with military, welfare and veteran activities. Nearly every veteran and auxiliary organization in France was also represented, as well as each of the dozen or more Paris daily and weekly papers. In addition to the press, several of the international news photographing companies had camera men on the job; Keystone View, Wide World and International Newsreel, to name but a few. JACK CONNOLLY (M) who is in charge of the Fox Film interests in France had a movietone recording camera in operation, a microphone having been attached to the rail of the speakers' stand for sound recording. Four other cinema corporations had representatives present.

Company of Poilus as Guard of Honor

Along the side of the road, opposite the church, in company front formation, one company of the 67th French Infantry in field uniform, stood as guard of honor. Nearly opposite the entrance the regimental band and colors were massed, the entire detachment under the personal command of Colonel Barat of the 67th. A group of about twenty-five French veterans, all possessors of the Medaille Militaire, dressed in civilian clothes, were accorded a place of honor in the enclosure. Every last living inhabitant of the villages of Belleau and Givry and nearly everyone from Torcy, Lucy, Bouresches and even more distant villages, formed a constantly shifting sea of peasant faces, in keeping with the surrounding rural countryside. Our own delegation, each wearing the memorial bronze medal and blue or red brassard completed a picture the like of which the little village has seldom witnessed.

Printed programs of the ceremony in French were distributed among the spectators as far as they would go. It was amusing to watch the reluctance with which the villagers accepted these until they were assured that they were free.

At eleven o'clock, with the distinguished guests properly seated by Chief Usher JUDSON HANNIGAN (M) and his corps of assistants, the military detachment was called to attention, and the clergy in their brilliant vestments led by Mgr. Mennechet approached the door of the church. They were closely followed by General GOURAUD (HM) and General EDWARDS (LM), the leaders and members of the 26th Division veterans, marching the length of the company front of the guard of honor, while the band swung into the Star Spangled Banner, followed by la Marseillaise.

Upon the steps of the church, kneeling on the damp stone, the Bishop invoked the blessing of Deity. Upon his concluding, the key of the church was presented by General SHERBURNE (LM) to M. Duforge, Mayor of Belleau, who in turn presented it to Monseigneur the Bishop. The doors were swung open, never again to be locked, and the gathering filed into the church, filling every square foot of the beautiful interior. Candles were lighted on the simple but beautiful altar, the gift of the 103rd Infantry, and the impressive ceremony of benediction was performed by Mgr. Mennechet, assisted by the Vicar General of Soissons. This was immediately followed by mass, celebrated by l'Abbe Combes, the rugged old cure who once more, after many years, was able to stand before the altar of his own house of worship. Upon the conclusion of the ritual both the Bishop and the cure delivered stirring addresses of gratitude of the gift of the men of the Yankee Division.

The densely packed throng then once more poured forth into the open air, where the sun was bravely struggling to pierce the heavy clouds, as the band thundered forth a stirring march. Mounting to the speaker's stand, General SHERBURNE (LM) was first to step forward and deliver his address. This, as well as the addresses of General EDWARDS (LM) and General GOURAUD (HM), is printed in full on another page.

Presentation of Flags

As he concluded, General SHERBURNE (LM) turned to face the door of the church where the massed colors brought overseas by the Division were

unfurled in a glorious burst of color. One by one, each was lifted high above the others, as the General presented them to the church, then lowered and carried within where they are always to remain. The flag of the State of Maine, presented by his Excellency, William Tudor Gardner, was carried by Lt. Col. CARROLL J. SWAN (LM); that of New Hampshire, presented by his Excellency, Charles Tobey, was carried by ELIOT A. CARTER (M) of Nashua; that of Vermont, presented by his Excellency, John E. Weeks; that of Massachusetts, presented by his Excellency, Frank L. Allen, was carried by OWEN ENGLISH of Worcester; that of Rhode Island, presented by his Excellency, NORMAN S. CASE, was carried by C. BIRD KEACH (M), of Providence; that of Connecticut, presented by his Excellency, John H. Trumbull, was carried by PHILLIP H. ENGLISH (M) of New Haven; the Stars and Stripes, and the Tri-Color of France, both gifts of the YD Overseas Memorial, were carried respectively by BENJAMIN JAMES (M), and WALLACE C. DAY (M); the colors of the Yankee Division Veterans Association carried by WILLIAM SNYDER (M); and the flag of the City of Boston, presented by Mayor Malcolm E. Nichols, was carried by JAMES BARRY (M). As the last mounted flag was deposited within the church, a cord was pulled, drawing aside the large American and French flags above the door and revealing the inscription, beneath the sign of the cross, *"Cette eglise, detruite durant la guerre mondiale, a ete reconstruite par les veterans du 26eme Division Americaine a la memoire de leurs camarades qui sont tombes sur le sol de France en combattant pour la cause commune."*

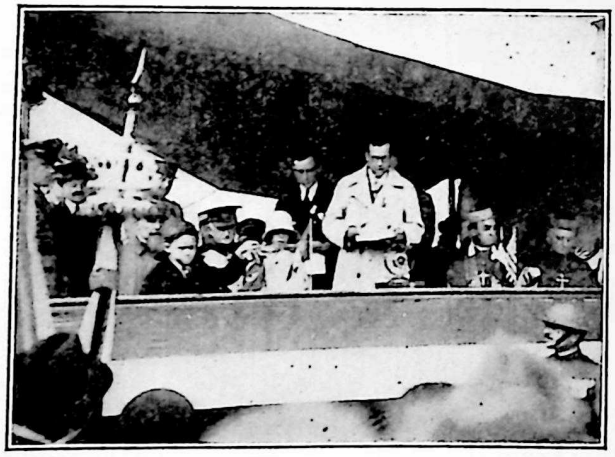


Photo by Keystone View Co.
CHILDREN OF YD AND OF BELLEAU FORM PERMANENT ASSOCIATION
Master Judson Hannigan, Jr. Mlle. Alice Collet

Following the presentation of colors, General EDWARDS (LM) stepped forward to deliver the touching and masterly address which will be found in full on another page. This was translated and read in French by Capt. Marty, who was chief interpreter for the 26th Division during the war.

Children Form Permanent Association

The next event on the program was to many the most beautiful and touching of the entire ceremony. Judson Hannigan, Jr., about eight years old and little Mlle. Alice Collet of Belleau, of about the same age, stepped forward to the rail of the platform above which only their heads and shoulders showed. In little Jud's left hand a small Stars and Stripes, in little Alice's right the tri-color, the two hands were joined and the folds of the two national emblems mingled together as the pledge of eternal remembrance was read, first in English by RALPH M. EASTMAN (M), and then in French by M. Duforge, Mayor of Belleau:

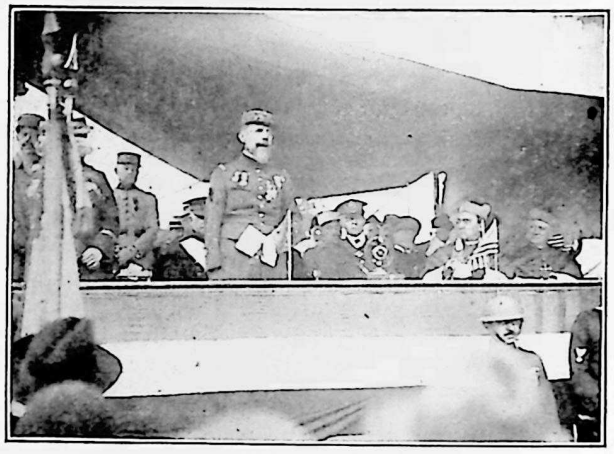


Photo by Keystone View Co.
GOURAUD (HM) SPEAKS FOR FRANCE

We, the children of the veterans of the 26th Division (American), and

We, the children of Belleau,

Meeting upon the steps of the church erected by those veterans as an everlasting memorial to their comrades who fell upon the sacred soil of France, do hereby join each other in a permanent association.

We, and those who join with us hereafter, pledge ourselves to guard the memory of our heroic dead, never to forget and always to maintain between us the spirit of camaraderie, understanding and love that exists between our fathers who fought side by side under the Great Commander in the victorious struggle to restore human right and world peace.

The original hand-engrossed copies of this pledge will be placed, one in the town of Belleau, and the other in the Headquarters of the Yankee Division Veterans Association.

Gouraud Speaks for France

Then stepped forward the simply clad, impressive figure of General GOURAUD (HM). Speaking for the Republic of France, he delivered an oration which is reprinted in part, both in French and English in this magazine. Parts of it however, in which

he reviewed the entire accomplishments of the 26th Division on five battle fronts, are unfortunately not available.

The ceremony was over, yet still another thrill was in store for the thousand spectators as the award of the Legion of Honor was made to four men of the Yankee Division whose efforts have been most instrumental in the realization of this unselfish dream. This ceremony, being in reality an event separate from the program of dedication is related elsewhere.

The fruition of hopes and labor, the tribute to heroic youth, the symbol of international friendship, the village church of Belleau now belongs to its people, but will stand for years to remind the passer-by that here the citizens of America reached sublime heights of sacrifice and glory.

BELLEAU MEMORIAL BALM FOR THE FRENCH

New York Evening Post Foreign Service
Copyright, 1929, by New York Evening Post, Inc.

Many war memorials are hideous objects that irritate rather than glorify memories of valor. France as the battlefield of the late war has been flooded with such atrocities and has been most patient about it. She has bravely set herself to the task of "living out the years" with them, a gracious submission which is deserving of appreciation in the countries thus memorialized upon French soil.

The United States was not alone in a desire to slab-up the French countryside with marble, bronze and concrete testimonials, but the other nations addicted to memorializing their part in the war have no place in this article, except to be mentioned as an added burden of the whole upon France.

Hence when an American outfit comes along and instead of contributing another horrible, awful picture in stone, provides a memorial replacement of value to the French people it is an achievement worth some words. It is even more than an achievement, it is an exhibition of tact, and anything done tactfully in a foreign country is the highest form of diplomacy.

The restoration of the parish church which for five hundred years had served the region of Belleau and disappeared in the bitter struggle of the World War known as the Battle of Belleau Woods, by the veterans of the Twenty-Sixth or Yankee Division, is the case in point.

Unfortunately away from Paris when this memorial was dedicated by Major General Clarence R. Edwards, Brigadier General John H. Sherburne, and representative delegation from the New England States, it was a happy event to motor over from Chateau-Thierry into the climate of good will that this American gift has created.

ORGANIZATIONS REPRESENTED AT BELLEAU

The following organizations were invited to have a representative present at the dedication of the YD Church in Belleau, and nearly all were thus represented: American Battle Monuments Commission, American Protestant Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, American Church of Paris, American Graves Registration Service, American Legion, Department of France, American Legion, Paris Post No. 1, Anglo-American Press Association, Comite France-Amerique, French Chapter Sons of American Revolution, American College and University Alumni Associations, Harvard Club of France, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Ministry of Foreign Affairs (M. Aristide Briand), Ministry of War (M. Paul Painleve), Place de Paris (Invalides), Marechal Petain, Marechal d'Esperey, General GOURAUD (HM), Ministry of Marine, Ministry of Interior (M. Andre Tardieu), Ministry of Public Education and Beaux Arts, Ministry of Public Works, French Red Cross, Union Interalliee (M. Jules Cambon, M. Andre Citroen, la Vicomtesse Benoist d'Azy), the Mayors and councillors of Chateau Thierry, Torcy, Bouresches, Etrepilly, Gondelu, Bezu, Monthiers, Licy Clignon, Lucy-le-Bocage, Essomes, American Legion Auxiliary.

V. F. W. Auxiliary, l'Union Nationale des Combattants, la Federation Nationale des Anciens Prisonniers de Guerre, la Ligue des Chefs de Sections, l'Union Federale des Associations Francaises de Blesses, Mutiles, Reformes et Anciens Combattants de la Grande Guerre, l'Association Generale des Mutiles de la Guerre, l'Union Fraternelle des Blesses de la Grande Guerre, l'Union des Blesses de la Face, le Groupement des Officiers Mutiles, l'Association Amicale des Croix de Guerre, la Federation des Anciens Combattants des Chemins de Fer, la Federation des Associations de Fonctionnaires Anciens Combattants, l'Aide et Protection, l'Union des Aveugles de Guerre, la Federation Nationale des Unions de Societes d'Anciens Militaires, l'Association des Commercants et Industriels Anciens Combattants, l'Association des Anciens Combattants Engages Volontaires Etrangers, la Legion d'Honneur, la Federation de l'Alliance Francaise aux Etats-Unis et au Canada, the Press of Paris, and the Cunard Line.

BON SECTOR

Cafe de la Paix with the world passing in review. Sidewalk chairs inviting rest for weary dogs, sidewalk tables offering refreshment for parched throats. "Garcon!" "Messieurs?" "Three tall ones, comme ca, compree?" "Mais oui, la biere." "You bet! This is tough, oh, this is a tough life." "M'sieu, you like to look at zee post-cards?" "No, get to —— outa here." "Hey, look what I bought this morning." "Buy some flowers, messieurs?" this from a little girl with faded violets. "Sure, don't cry little girl, I'll buy your blankety-blank flowers." "Now where to?" "Let's go places and see things." "En avant."

"Who's got that book 'with the Lid Off'? Let's see it a minute, here's one we haven't tried." "Ah that's another gyp joint." "What of it, we're only here once in ten years." "O. K., anything once, let's go." "What's the cock-eyed rush—I crave refreshment, how about a cognac and coffee all around?" "By all means: hey, garcon."

The lobby of the Louvre: cocktail hour. "Where you eating to-night?" "Nowhere special." "Who's with you?" "No one." "Let's get a bunch together, I found a great little place, beaucoup bon manger." "Suits me, here's some of the gang." "How about a little soupcon?" "Sure, down stairs at the bar." "Hey, Charley-me-boy, how about six Martinis?" "Yes, sir." "Ah." "Another?" "Why not?" "Ah!" "O. K. Let's go." "Hey taxi, compree Place d'Anvers?" "Place d'Anvers?" with a look of utter stupidity, "comprends pas." "Place d'Anvers, Place d'Anvers!" "Oh," with a tremendous dawning of intelligence, "Place d'Anvers, oui, oui, oui, oui." "Well, let's capture it on the left flank, compree?" "Tweet, tweet, honk, honk, we're off."

"This is the place: hey, stupid, we're here: stop, arretez!" Heavy beamed ceiling, warm red hangings, shining old brasses on the walls, spotless old-fashioned checkered table covers, little blue-flamed alcohol stoves on the tables, rows of fat and slender bottles ranged in wicker baskets, delectable odors from the kitchen, a great roasted ham and heaped up dishes of hors d'oeuvres on the center table, two fat chickens turning on a spit before a roaring wood fire. "This is a tough war."

"What'll it be, it's all good." "How about a little aperatif?" "Great idea, Dubonnet for me." "St. Raphael." "Pernod." "Guess I'll stick to another Martini."

"What's it say on this damn menu?" "Hey, garcon, what's this escargeaux?" Much shrugging of shoulders, and raising of eyebrows, then an inspiration. Garcon dashes away and returns bearing with great affection a very beautiful snail. "Sure, I'll try 'em." "Ah, tres delicieux," garcon appears about to kiss us in ecstasy that we are going to try snails. On they come steaming hot and dripping with a sauce of fine herbs. Then a thick, juicy steak, beaucoup pommes-de-terre, the former brought to the table as a sacrificial offering by a most obsequious garcon who immediately claps it over the alcohol flame to restore any lost heat.

Pouilly, Barsac, the red wines of Burgundy, the white wines of Bordeaux, frosty silver pails and slender stemmed glasses.

Crackers and cheese, great bunches of white grapes to be dipped in a glass of iced water. Demi-tasse and liqueurs. "What's yours?" "Cointreau." "Benedictine." "Yellow Chartreuse." Divine essences, trouble and care are far away; laughter comes from the pit of the stomach.

"Now where?" "Aux Belles Poulets." "Aw, hell, no, I heard about a place where—" "Cut the chatter, come on, let's go places and see things." "Oh man, this is tough, I don't know how I stand this guerre."

—P. N. S. (M)

INCREASING

The highest point reached in Y.D.V.A. membership (exclusve of the YD Club of Boston) during the year 1928-29 was 782. Today membership in this same non-resident class stands at 859. This without membership drives of any sort proves that YANKEE DOINGS, which is practically the only thing that those far away receive for their membership, is not losing in popularity.

Perhaps ten members out of the 859 are actively trying all the time to secure new members and through their efforts a constant trickle of recruits is coming in.

During the past spring and summer so much time has of necessity been given to the Pilgrimage that no membership drive was undertaken, but with the beginning of the new year on April 1, it is planned to conduct a campaign on a big scale. Meanwhile, you can help by swelling the numbers in the next few months. Scarcely any one will really miss $2.00, it just takes a little effort to get them started.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT DEDICATION OF YD MEMORIAL CHURCH

ADDRESS OF BRIG. GENERAL JOHN H. SHERBURNE (LM)

Twelve years ago, the 26th American Division, 25,000 citizens of New England, came here to fight side by side in battle with the soldiers of France. The six American States which form New England and which we represent, new in the eyes of ancient France, but almost the oldest settlement in the new world, are rich in their memories of association with France. A century and a half ago, your soldiers helped us in our struggle for independence; your blood mingled with our soil and our community is still grateful to France, our friend.

Eleven years ago, nearly 3,000 New England men gave up their lives in the common cause. We, their comrades, that their sacrifice may not be forgotten have erected this Memorial and upon its walls will inscribe their names, and we have thought it appropriate that this Memorial should stand upon the soil of France where these men still lie.

By the necessity of war, it was our misfortune to destroy the church which served this parish for five hundred years and we have thought that as well as building a memorial to our own dead, it would be fitting and proper to restore to this town its place of worship.

We have rebuilt your church, using the old stones and plans, as nearly as possible as it was and it may be interesting to you to know that the money which has made this reconstruction possible has not come from public subscription or State aid but has been given almost to the last dollar by the men of the Division itself. It is to be your church, not ours, and it is given into your custody for your own use in the hope that the record of our sacrifice which it contains may be a permanent and undying pledge of the community of faith and friendship between our two countries.

Kings, Presidents and potentates may come and go with their politics and problems but if we, on our side of the great ocean, and you on yours, keep alive in the hearts of the people the memory of the sacrifices each has made for the other in the cause of liberty and freedom and the brotherhood of man, we need not fear the future either in peace or in war.

Sir, in behalf of the veterans of the 26th YD Division, I now turn this church over to your custody and to the people of this parish.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM)

General Gouraud
Citizens of Belleau—of France,

The hot sultry days and nights of July, 1918, found us here engaged in a bitter struggle with the common foe. Over the shell-torn hills and fields of Belleau we made the dash that drove the enemy away from Paris. It was the victory that was won here that Marshal Foch has described "as the turning point of the war."

We cherish his credit, his tribute to our Division when he dedicated the adjoining woods.

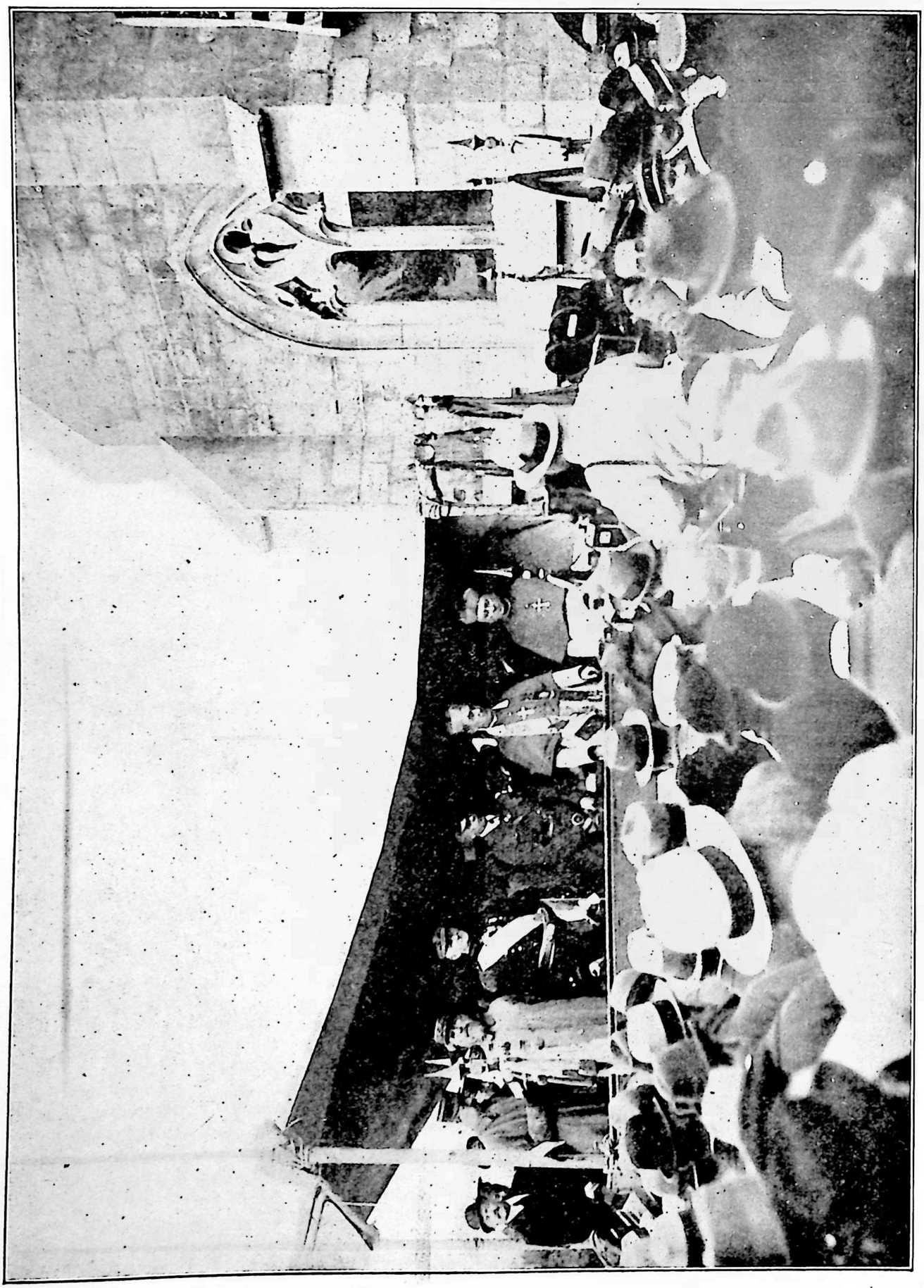
That victory meant almost a complete destruction of your town. To us it meant the loss of thousands of our comrades, many of whom you have religiously guarded for us close by. Wars are won by destruction.

Today we come to you, not to destroy, but to offer you that which we have builded from the smouldering ashes we left behind in 1918. We return to you, your place of worship at which our own guns were aimed over a decade ago to rout out the enemy. The presentation of this church which we are here to dedicate is but a symbol—a symbol of the feelings, the thoughts, the memories, the aspirations we share in common.

This is no time to be concerned with the distinctions of race, class and creed—distinctions that have been the most prolific causes of war. Here it is that we find all men have "heart-strings fellow made," when as Christians we join together to worship the one and only God, the God of Love, the God of Righteousness, the God of Peace.

An occasion like this reminds us again of the one-ness of our purpose in 1918—once more it brings us together to reconsecrate ourselves to that pledge we made with those who have gone on.

Beneath the sign of the cross, the symbol of the complete sacrifice, we, the Veterans of the 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Forces, dedicate here in Belleau, France, on this 10th day of October, 1929, this church. May it stand here for centuries to come as a reminder of our sincere love for France—as a monument to that unity which is ours in Peace—and as a visible evidence to our comrades that we have kept the faith with them so that they can sleep in peace in the "cradle of Victory."



GEN. GOURAUD (HM), GEN. EDWARDS (LM), GEN. SHERBURNE (LM), MGR. MENNECHET, AND MGR. GINISTY
IN SPEAKERS' STAND OUTSIDE YD MEMORIAL CHURCH
Photo by Keystone View Co.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL GOURAUD (HM)

Le cimetiere de Belleau, dit-il de sa voix male, disait deja la bravoure americaine, son eglise rappellera votre generosite.

Temoignages eclatants, precieux souvenirs de l'amitie des deux peuples.

Gardons-les fidelement.

Lors de ma derniere visite a votre belle et laborieuse cite de Boston, mon general, j'ai visite dans votre joli coin de Dedham votre abri, abri de guerre a demi enterre ou vous avez reuni tous vos souvenirs, tous vos trophees de guerre et les cartes ou s'inscrivent les exploits de votre division.

Sans doute tout le monde ne possede pas de parc et ne peut y creuser un abri. Mais chacun peut et doit conserver dans l'abri inviolable de son coeur le souvenir des grands jours de la guerre, jours douloureux puisque le sang coulait, mais jours glorieux aussi ou les hommes de France abandonnant leurs familles, leurs biens, leurs affaires, leurs travaux, leurs plaisirs, risquaient et sacrifiaient leur vie tous les jours pour chasser l'envahisseur du sol national et sauver l'independance de la patrie, jours glorieux ou les Americains franchissaient l'Atlantique et venaient verser leur sang, comme les Francais l'avaient fait pour eux il y a cent cinquante ans.

Les enfants des veterans de la Yankee Division et ceux de la commune de Belleau, ont pris tout a l'heure un engagement solennel: "conserver pieusement la memoire de nos morts, ne jamais oublier, maintenir toujours entre nous l'esprit de camaraderie, de comprehension et d'affection qui fut celui de nos peres."

La voix de ces enfants dicte aux deux grands pays leur devoir.

(*Translation*)

The Cemetery of Belleau already tells of American bravery; its church will ever remind us of your generosity.

Eloquent symbols, precious souvenirs of the friendship of two peoples.

Guard them faithfully.

During my latest visit to your beautiful and busy city of Boston, General, I visited, at your beautiful estate in Dedham, your dugout, a war dugout, half underground, where you have assembled all your souvenirs, all your trophies of the war and the maps upon which are plotted the exploits of your Division.

No doubt not everyone possesses sufficient grounds to be able to construct a dugout. But each one can and should guard in the inviolable dugout of his own heart the memory of the great days of the war, sad days for the blood that flowed, but glorious days also when the men of France, leaving their families, their loved ones, their business, their work, their pleasures, risked and sacrificed their lives each day to repel the invader from the soil of their Nation and to preserve the independence of their country; glorious days when the Americans braved the Atlantic and came to give their blood as the French had done for them one hundred and fifty years before.

The children of the veterans of the 26th Division and those of the village of Belleau have just pledged in solemn contract "to guard the memory of our heroic dead, never to forget and always to maintain between us the spirit of comradeship, understanding and love that existed between our fathers."

The voices of these children show the way of duty to two great countries.

LEGION OF HONOR AWARDED TO FOUR MEN OF YANKEE DIVISION

At the conclusion of the ceremony of dedication of the YD Memorial at Belleau on Thursday, October 10, General GOURAUD (HM), acting for the President of France, bestowed the order of the Legion of Honor upon Brigadier General JOHN H. SHERBURNE (LM), Colonel WILLIAM J. KEVILLE (LM), Mr. RALPH M. EASTMAN (M), and Captain BERNARD S. CARTER (M), in recognition of the work they have performed in bringing the Memorial project to successful realization.

No more beautiful or momentous tribute could have been paid to these men upon whose shoulders the real burden has rested, and no more fitting place for the decoration could have been chosen than in the shadow of the completed church which their efforts have brought forth.

The several grades of the Legion of Honor, an institution created by the Emperor Napoleon, are, Grand Croix, Grand Officier, Commandeur, Officier and Chevalier. Each has its own medal and manner of wearing the same. The rank of Commander was conferred upon General SHERBURNE (LM), that of Officier upon Col. KEVILLE (LM), and that of Chevalier upon Capt. CARTER (M) and Mr. EASTMAN (M). The medal of an Officer is worn about the neck on a crimson cord, those of Officer and Chevalier upon the left breast, the former differing from the latter in having the red and white rosette.

The ceremony was most simple, General GOURAUD (HM) merely saying, "In the name of the President of France, I have the honor of bestowing upon you the rank of (Commander, Officer, Chevalier) of the

Legion of Honor." Nevertheless, the fire with which these few words were delivered by the grizzly veteran will ring for many days in the ears of those who heard him.

Pinning the medal upon the breast, or hanging it about the neck, the General kissed the recipient on each cheek—the accolade of France, and the ceremony was over.

No award has met with more general commendation and enthusiasm among the men of the Division. Much of the credit for the selection and for the award must be given to M. J. C. J. Flamand, the French consul in Boston, a loyal friend of the Division, who bent every effort to seeing that proper recognition was given where it was truly due.

PREPARING THE WAY

By Judson Hannigan (M)

Preparing for the coming of the delegation was one of the most interesting jobs that ever fell to the lot of a man who thought he had gone to France early for a vacation.

Aladdin's lamp had no more magic than did the words "26th Division Americaine" in Paris. The Honorable J. C. Joseph Flamand, French Consul at Boston has long maintained the highest possible standard of co-operation and friendly helpfulness. The public officers of France met that high standard and maintained it in all of their participation in the coming of the delegation and in furthering the purposes of the pilgrimage.

The differences in language were extinguished by the skill and marvelous helpfulness of Vicomte Benoist d'Azy. There, me lads, is a man and a royal rooter. He cut his vacation, came back to Paris, took off his coat and went to work. Of course he was YD trained because he served with us as liaison officer, but even our training could not have produced such a perfect specimen of complete efficiency as he is. To the man who wrote the song, I say "Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong," because Benoist d'Azy is one of them.

He was not content to do all that he did alone. He worked long and often with his charming mother. What we owe that mother and her son cannot be computed. They were so tireless, so helpful, so full of knowledge as to what should be done that without them it could not have been as it was.

It is impossible to name all who helped. Everyone, regardless of his station, gave all that he had or could get to make the pilgrimage a success. And while it may look easy as things roll along smoothly, bear in mind that two hundred delegates have two hundred different ideas upon nearly every subject. Co-ordination was essential to success and we got that because every Frenchman who was asked (and there were many) joined the team and played the game to the fullest.

General Gouraud, busy and beset as he is with many duties as Military Governor of Paris, was always available for help or for suggestions. "High hat?" Not at all. He speaks no English but his letters always began "Mon cher camarade" and ended "Yours sincerely." If there was a bit of a jam somewhere an appeal to him was always followed by a telephone or letter from him and trouble vanished. He always assented to requests. He never said "No." Frequently his foresight had started action before our request arrived. It is small wonder that he is said to be the most dearly loved man in all France.

One thing I worried about was publicity in the French press. Piatt Andrew, however, had given me the key to a perfect contact with it. That key was a letter of introduction to Marcel Knecht, editor of Le Matin and head of the Havas News Agency.

Monsieur Knecht knows the United States well. In a corner of his room is a baseball bat autographed by Babe Ruth. In another corner is the flag of Boston and upon the walls of his suite are innumerable mementos of French-American contacts.

He read my letter of introduction, he said of Piatt Andrew what not even enough of us know about him, and then without further preliminaries he started the telephone working. The result was the most perfect piece of nation-wide publicity that any American outfit ever got in France. We not only got quantity but we got quality.

I cannot name more without doing injustice to some. We have dedicated what is conceded to be the finest and most appropriate memorial in France. At that dedication we had one of the most distinguished collection of people that has ever gathered for such a purpose in France. We were received not just as returning soldiers. The attitude before the delegation came and after it arrived was one of joy at the return of brothers and comrades. There is a generous love between our two countries that exists between no other countries of the world.

Vive la France.

Vive l'Amerique.

INSCRIPTION OVER THE PORTAL OF YD MEMORIAL CHURCH

Cette eglise, detruite durant la guerre mondiale, a ete reconstruite par les veterans du 26e division americain a la memoire de leurs camarades qui sont tombes sur le sol de France en combattant pour la cause commune.

(*Translation*)

"This church, destroyed during the World War, has been reconstructed by the veterans of the 26th American Division, in memory of their comrades who fell on the soil of France and who fought for the common cause."

GOIN' OVER

By Ralph M. Eastman (M)

Sandy calls up and says, "Give me a story of the doings on the Carmania, will ya?—and I'd like to have it by day after tomorrow." What a detail! Here it is a month and a half after that famous voyage started and already the things that happened on the boat are joining that large flock of varied experiences which make up the background of every life.

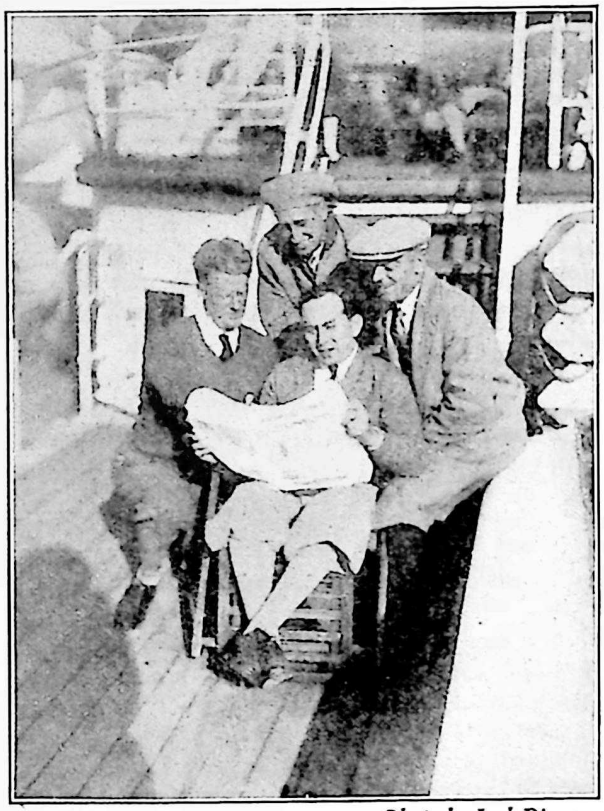


Photo by Jack Dixon

THE LATEST SCANDAL
Ben James (M), Wally Day (M), Ted Wilson, (M), Bill Snyder (M), (*seated*)

Well, of course, the send-off was great with all our friends there, with a band so kindly sent over by Admiral Andrews and his amiable aide Lt. Commander Rowbottom, with the airplanes brought into play by our old friend Dan Rochford of the *Transcript*.

With such an auspicious beginning, it was natural to expect a pleasant trip and as far as the writer is concerned, also those with whom he has talked, nothing but pleasant memories remain of that wonderful pilgrimage. It is sure to prove to be one of the outstanding accomplishments of the YD since the War and it is to be hoped that this issue of DOINGS will get the widest possible distribution and be thoroughly read by everyone receiving it, as I know our Editor will be able to do a masterful job, with all the material he collected on the tour.

The Memorial Service, the Mock Trial, the Minstrel Show, were the outstanding features of the life on the Carmania, but the impression that remains strongest on the writer's mind is the fact that we were all in the most congenial of atmospheres, with

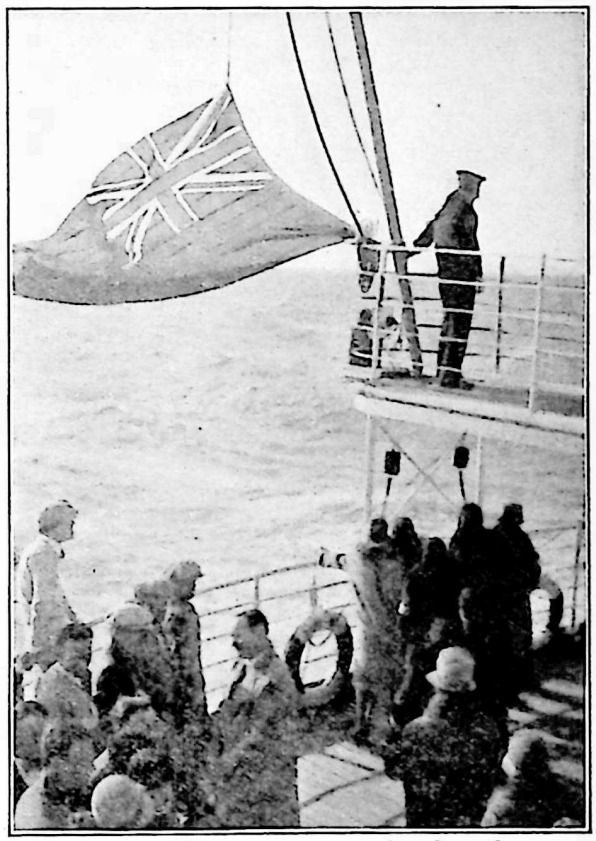


Photo by Jack Dixon

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR ALLIED SAILORS

good fellows available all the time—that is, almost all the time, to join in conversation, calisthenics or Cointreau.

The Memorial Service was very impressive, made more than ordinarily so, perhaps, because conducted by that able clergyman and prince of good comrades, Father FARRELL (M). Besides our party and other passengers, it also brought close the members of the ship's crew and was a fine tribute to the men who lost their lives in the service of the Allied navies.

The Mock Trial brought into play some of the wit and wisdom of the YD voyageurs and we're all glad that John High-Hat was allowed to live and continue on the trip with us. Having been only a minor

actor in this episode, with but a brief moment upon the court-room floor, details will have to be learned elsewhere.

For the production of a rapid-fire Minstrel Show at a moment's notice, on the high seas, underground or in the air, leave it to our own CARROLL J. SWAN (LM), impressario extraordinary. With exceptional material in some cases and deplorable in others, Carroll whipped a snappy show into shape for the last night on the boat and the "first-nighters" seemed to think it went over in big style, judging by the hearty applause. The COYNE Brothers, "Coxy" GOODWIN (M), BEN JAMES (M) and his competitors for beauty, style and grace, "Bill" Harkness and his shadow, all brought down the house. The end-men who tried to hold up both ends were BILL BROWN (LM), General COLE (LM), Colonel KEVILLE (LM),

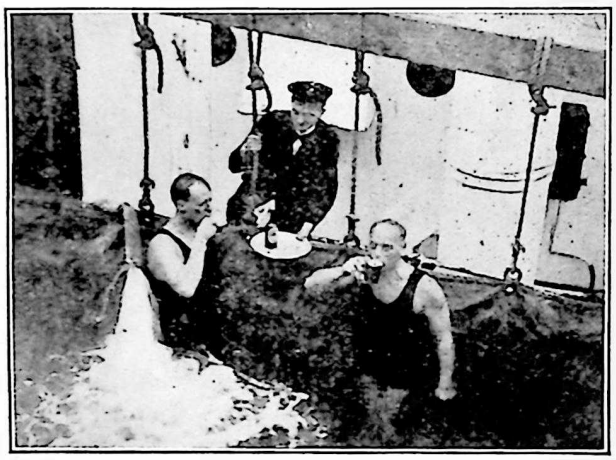


Photo by Jack Dixon

WATER'S O. K. TO SWIM IN
Ben James (M) and Fred Wegener

and RALPH EASTMAN (M) with Carroll himself, in person, acting as interlocutor. Without Mrs. Swan, the musical end of the show would have been hopeless, but she stood by in her usual effective and loyal way, and helped us put it over.

BILL SNYDER (M) was stage manager, with Tom Broderick helping on the special features, and the actors in the "circle"—well, you should have been there to appreciate them. As a matter of fact we've heard a rumor that an attempt is to be made to stage this show at the YD Club for the benefit of those who couldn't take the long "trek." Special mention cannot be made of more because right this minute their names slip the editorial mind and we haven't time to concentrate.

Looking back on the days when no unusual events were planned, we have memories of visits to our stateroom at all hours of the day and night from all parts of the ship, with occasional visits, by request, from the wine steward, ice clinking in glasses, stories, old and new, of the war and otherwise, trips to the First Cabin smoking room to watch the ship pool auction, with one big night when a group from the "slums" chipped in and cracked the pool for a home run. Then there was that excellent dinner invitation extended to the boys in the trenches on the last night on board when the whole YD group got together for chow by special arrangements put over by our old friends upstairs. That was good fellowship for you.

We almost forgot the Costume Dance when some of the boys below disguised themselves as gentlemen and went up to the ball in more or less formal attire. Songs, oh, yes, there were songs, some old, some made up at a moment's notice, some good, others not so hot, but it all came under the head of good, clean fun. Let's pay a tribute here to the good sportsmanship of the women of the YD who made that eventful trip with us. They were marvelous! They understood our strength when seeing our weaknesses and took it all with a smile of good fellowship. And let us say here for the old gang that no one need be ashamed of the way they behaved themselves. There was hilarity, noise and frolic but there wasn't a grouch in the shipload.

And the co-operation of the Cunard Line from Captain Brown and Purser "Bill" Harkness down left little to be desired. With all baggage and housing problems handled by the Franco-Belgique Tours, with Tom Broderick as the liaison man, we didn't have a worry on our minds when we stepped off the good ship at Le Havre.

OUR AGENTS

A few words are in order in this souvenir number in praise of our two agents: The Cunard Steamship, which took us over and brought us back, and the Franco-Belgique Tours Co., which took care of us while we were there.

During the summer months we had ample opportunity to appraise the courtesy and square-shooting methods of the land force of the Cunard Co.; on the Carmania it took but few moments to find that the same spirit prevailed on the sea. No personal effort seemed to be too much to ask of the officers and crew —in fact, they were constantly asking for our suggestions as to ways in which they could be of special service. Particularly fine was the spirit displayed by Mr. Harkness, the Chief Purser; Mr. Sharp, Chief Steward; Mr. Potter, Second Steward; and Mr. Martin, Assistant Purser. They each became one of the crowd and the way they organized the entire party into a happy family, YD and non-YD alike, is proof of their suitability for the offices they hold.

The same holds for the Franco-Belgique. Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Christie, Mr. Griff, Mr. Guillaume, Mr. "Andy," Tom Broderick, and others whose names we have unfortunately forgotten kept smiling and helping through all the turmoil, and the manner in which the transportation and housing were expedited merits commendation. Those who took some of the optional tours report that the service rendered by Franco-Belgique was excellent throughout.

YD PILGRIMS RECEIVED AT HAVRE

Leaving Plymouth about mid-afternoon on Saturday, October 5, the YD folks aboard the Carmania experienced a typical channel crossing. Passengers debarking onto the lighter in Plymouth harbor were subjected to gusty downpours of rain which at times completely shut out all view of land, and sudden furious puffs of wind causing the little lighter to bob up and down like a cork. Leaving the comparatively sheltered waters of the harbor for the open sea of the channel, the gale settled down to real business and the continuous high pitched hum overhead in the rigging penetrated even the inner rooms. Choppy seas slapped the iron sides of the ship and occasionally burst in spray over the decks.

With pleasurable anticipation of stepping on the soil of France in the morning, our group settled down to enjoy their last night at sea.

Morning found us already at rest alongside the Cunard's splendid modern pier at Havre. Little time was wasted in breakfast or in hurrying down the gang plank. Customs inspection was waived for everyone having a YD tag on his or her baggage. Uniformed attendants of the tourist company took charge and the usual confusion of a landing was entirely missing: everything went like clockwork.

At one end of the spacious covered shed, the official welcoming committee awaited the arrival of General EDWARDS (LM) and General SHERBURNE (LM). Viscomte Benoist d'Azy, who with Major JUDSON HANNIGAN (M) had boarded the Carmania with the pilot during the night, acted as interpreter in the interchange of cordial greetings which took place. M. Leon Meyer, deputy mayor of Havre represented the city; M. Lalmand, sous-prefet spoke of the Republic of France; and General Ditrie for the Minister of War. Each spoke feelingly of their pleasure in being amoung the first to welcome the returning veterans of the 26th Division to France, and although for most of us it was the first effort in years to understand French, the feeling and spirit of the addresses were manifest to all.

General SHERBURNE and General EDWARDS replied with brief messages of friendship, which were translated into French by Captain d'Azy. A beautiful bouquet was presented to M. Meyer to be given to Mme. Meyer.

In the train shed on the floor below an entire battalion of the 127th French Infantry with full trumpet band lined the platform, standing rigidly at attention. Many of these soldiers had completed their term of service, but insisted on remaining for this occasion. As the Generals EDWARDS (LM), SHERBURNE (LM) and COLE (LM) and Colonel HUME (M), leading the delegation, walked the legnth of the platform, rifles were snapped to present arms and the band burst forth in the national anthems of France and America.

Four special cars, bearing posters in the windows, "26th Division, A.E.F." formed part of the special boat train, and as the delegation found places in the familiar little compartments, the band broke into music of a lighter vein, "Madelon," and other old favorites. As the ranks were allowed a moment's "at ease," packages of cigarettes were tossed from the car windows and good-natured doughboy greetings exchanged. As the train rolled away toward Paris, the guard of honor again presented arms until the last car left the shed. Once more the rolling green panorama of France began to unfold before our eyes.

Arriving, shortly after noon, at the Gare des Invalides, another touching reception was staged, as the striking figure of General GOURAUD (HM) limped down the platform to embrace the leaders of the YD party. He was accompanied by General W. W. Harts, Military Attache of the American Embassy.

The entire party was then transported, without delay, in special busses to their hotels.

YD DELEGATION LUNCHEON GUESTS IN CHATEAU THIERRY

Following the completion of the ceremonies of dedication at Belleau, the entire YD delegation, the detachment of the 67th French Infantry and the many invited guests were transported by busses and private cars to the Hotel Bonhomme in Chateau Thierry for luncheon. This hotel is run by an American woman, Mrs. Pullen.

The arrangements called for the guests to be seated in certain dining rooms and the YD people in certain others, in order that the guests might not be asked to pay. As a matter of fact, however, the size of the gathering so exceeded expectations that the entire hotel was immediately overrun, and in true army style, everyone grabbed a seat wherever one was to be found.

The luncheon served was simple and good, and the spirit around the tables, as Yanks and Poilus were once more free to mingle together informally, brought back happy memories of the fraternization of the war days. Wines were not included with the luncheon, but we saw no table going without. As the party sallied forth into the courtyard, it presented one large, collective smile. After a week amid the sophistication of Paris, hoping and seeking for that lost atmosphere of old times, at last here it was—the France we knew eleven years ago.

GENERAL GOURAUD (HM) TENDERS LUNCHEON TO GROUP OF YD VETERANS

Receives Entire Delegation at Invalides

On Tuesday, October 8, a group of fifteen, composed of former officers of the Yankee Division, officers of the veteran organization, and distinguished associates of the Division, were tendered a luncheon by General GOURAUD (HM), Military Governor of Paris, at his official residence in the Invalides.

The luncheon was quite informal and served in the faultless style that France seems so easily to achieve. In fact the conversation, as we recall it, was centered largely about the "noble experiment" of prohibition, many good stories being told. M. Flamand acted as interpreter and through him General GOURAUD (HM) and General EDWARDS (LM) were able to maintain perfect liaison.

Those present at the luncheon, in addition to the distinguished host, were: Lieut. Daru, Aide-de-Camp to General Gouraud; General EDWARDS (LM), General SHERBURNE (LM), Colonel KEVILLE (LM); General W. W. Harts, Military Attache of the American Embassy; Viscomte Charles Benoist d'Azy; Hon. Edward Larkin, Mayor of Medford; Hon. J. C. J. Flamand, Major JUDSON HANNIGAN (M), Captain BERNARD S. CARTER (M), Messrs. RALPH M. EASTMAN (M), BENJAMIN JAMES (M), WILLIAM J. BROWN (LM), and PHILIP N. SANBORN (M).

Coffee and liqueurs were served in the General's spacious trophy room, while the guests inspected the marvelous collection of souvenirs of all countries and climes which adorned the walls, later signing the General's guest book.

The party adjourned to a large salon on the ground floor adjoining the garden, where General Gouraud received the entire delegation which had just returned from a trip to Versailles and Malmaison. In greeting them, the General said:

"I regret exceedingly that because of repairs now going on I was unable to invite every member of the 26th Division to have luncheon with me in this historic place, but it gives me great pleasure to see you once more.

"As you know, the building wherein you are standing was built by Louis XIV, as a home for his soldiers who had fought in the wars of France.

"I would like to spend more time with you, but I must attend a military reunion of French veterans and as you well know a soldier must obey orders. I bid you adieu until Thursday, when I will see you at your church in Belleau."

The general's speech was interpreted by M. J. C. Joseph Flamand, French Consul in Boston.

On orders of the general, the veterans were then conducted through the military museums and later visited the Tomb of Napoleon. Special guides explained the more interesting sights.

JUST A LITTLE BIT PERSONAL

JOE ABBOTT (M), and JOCK CLEARY (M), both of the old 101st F. A., didn't have much time to spare as they both had to return on the Carmania, October 12. However, they crammed plenty into their short stay, having already planned every minute.

What a honeymoon for Mr. and Mrs. AL BARNARD (M), climaxed by a marvellous three days in the Alps. If it's permissible in public, your humble reporter would like to award the prize for the best gol-darned sport among the YD ladies to the new bride. And what a help to yours truly when it came to selecting things for the folks at home.

Our most lasting impression of JIM BARRY (M) is of the night he played the role of bartender at a 2.00 a. m. party in the "slums" aboard the Carmania.

"OLD BILL" BRADY (M), a boulevardier of parts, constituted himself an authority on the places "where they gyp your eye teeth out."

If anybody had a better time, by and large, than BILL BROWN (LM), we'll have to see the proof. Of all the three-ringed circuses that ancient Paris has ever witnessed, none could surpass that staged in Bill's room the night he and his roommates, RALPH EASTMAN (M) and BILL SNYDER (M) packed up in ten minutes, between drinks, for their hop to London. We promised Bill not to tell the souvenir he tried to take—anyhow it wouldn't go in the suitcase.

It was a rejuvenated "Old Man" who sat in the cozy bar of the Lion Rouge at Soissons relating his visits to old friends in the Chateau-Thierry sector, and offering a bottle of 1910 prune brandy, the gift of the patron of Grand Ru Farm, as concrete evidence.

Elected the most popular and best-loved member of the Pilgrimage, our good padre, Father FARRELL (M).

It took a lot of confidence in oneself to take one's mother on the YD Pilgrimage, but FRANK GFROERER

(*You'll find some more on Page 30*)

THE YANKEE DIVISION PAYS TRIBUTE TO FRANCE'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Second only to the colorful and splendid ceremony at Belleau in impressiveness and heart-stirring emotion, among the events of the YD's sojourn in France, was the assembly at the Arc de Triomphe, on Monday, October 7, to pay homage to the Unknown Soldier, France's symbol of sacrifice.

Not a little of the splendor of the picture was due to the perfect weather setting; a warm, cloud-

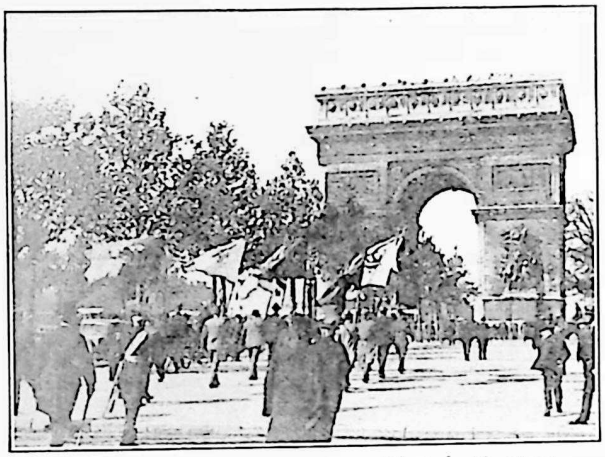


Photo by Keystone

YD Colors Nearing Arc de Triomphe

less morning, the trees of the Champs Elysees golden with Autumn leaves.

Assembling at the Rond Point, about a half mile from the Arch, the color bearers unfurled the nine new silk flags for the first time. The Stars and Stripes beside the tri-color of France, followed by the banners of each of the New England states, each presented by the Governor of the State and carried by his representative, and the official colors of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. A color guard in O.D. and war helmets, furnished by Paris Post No. 1, A.L., and headed by an American sailor in uniform, brought with them another American flag and that of their Post.

Following directly behind the colors, up the broad avenue, marched General Edwards (LM) resplendent in the full dress blues of a Major General with broad gold sash and decorations, accompanied by his aide, Colonel Hyatt (M), also in full dress, Generals Sherburne (LM) and Cole (LM), Colonels Hume (M) and Keville (LM) in wartime O.D. and the entire delegation in column of squads, men and women in ranks together. Spectators lined the sidewalks and several times broke into applause as the column passed.

Arriving beneath the shadow of the magnificent arch the column halted, dressed ranks and at salute stood for a minute in silence facing the eternal flame which burns over the tomb. Then marching beneath the arch they grouped about the tomb as General Sherburne (LM) brought forward and presented to General Edwards (LM) the placque with bronze palm leaf which he in turn reverently placed upon the tomb beside that which had been

Photo by Keystone

Gen. Edwards (LM) and Gen. Sherburne (LM) Place Placque on Tomb

laid there a few days before by the 37th Division.

Upon the ebony placque, beneath the palm leaf were the words,

AU SOLDAT INCONNU

DE CETTE GRANDE NATION DONT L'HEROISME
LUI A VALU L'IMMORTALITE
HOMAGE DE SES CAMARADES DE LA
26EME DIVISION AMERICAINE
LE 7 OCTOBRE 1929.

The Honorable Edward Larkin, Mayor of Medford, Massachusetts, stepped forward and laid on the tomb a beautiful wreath of flowers, in the names of the mayors of all the cities of Massachusetts. This was followed by the placing of a wreath sent by Mrs. Curtis Guild of Boston.

Those in civilian clothes with uncovered heads, those in uniform at right hand salute, for another minute all stood in silence as a hundred cameras clicked.

"ICI REPOS UN SOLDAT FRANCAIS, MORT POUR LA PATRIE."

The eternal flame burns on.

RECEPTION AT UNION INTERALLIEE UNDER AUSPICES OF DEPARTMENT OF STATE

On the evening of Wednesday, October 9, the Yankee Division delegation in Paris was tendered a formal reception and dance at the Union Interalliee, one of the most exclusive clubs of the city. In order to insure success, the hosts had apparently invited every beautiful girl in Paris, with the result that they so far outnumbered the men that many must have gone danceless.

Preceding the dance, a formal dinner was given, under the auspices of the Department of State, to twenty-five American and twenty-five French veterans. The Hon. Phillipe Roy, Canadian Minister to France, acted as host, a particularly happy selection, in view of his fluency in both French and English, and his genial good humor.

A most delicious luncheon, accompanied by appropriate wines and champagne was served. Toasts were drunk to the continued friendship of the French and American veterans. The culmination of the dinner come with General EDWARDS's speech. He said: "Monsieur le General Gouraud,

"Representing the veterans of the 26th Division of the American Expeditionary Forces who served under 17 French generals, we are here today to renew our love and affection for France. We bring to you the greetings of the thousands of our comrades, who, though physically removed from us at this time by more than 3000 miles, are spiritually by our sides. No policy of isolation, no difference in language, no clause of any treaty, no barrier of nationality can ever remove the kindly feelings and sincere regard that we have for your native land.

"To recall the days of the war when we were part of the army of khaki-clad soldiers, is to bring to mind the kindness, the loyalty, the courage, the nobility of your people.

"We are here to renew our pledge with those comrades of ours whom your people have tenderly guarded and cared for. 'They shall not have died in vain' so long as a veteran of the Yankee Division is alive. We left them here with you over a decade ago in your woods and your fields, on your hillsides and in your valleys. They left a solemn and a holy heritage to us. With them we shared a common idealism, a common patriotism. We have had the camaraderie of your people. What a treasure that is! They died so that they could remain with you forever. We are here to gain strength by communing with them and to live anew that glorious experience of poilu and doughboy, arm in arm.

"Monsieur Gouraud, we salute you."

Those present among the American delegation were:

Maj. Gen. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM)
Brig. Gen. JOHN H. SHERBURNE (LM)
Maj. Gen. CHARLES H. COLE (LM)
Col. W. J. KEVILLE (LM)
Col. JOHN F. OSBORNE (M)
Lt. Col. CARROLL J. SWAN (LM)
Lt. Col. WM. J. BLAKE (M)
Lt. Col. SLATER WASHBURN (M)
Major WAYLAND M. MINOT (M)
Major JOHN W. HYATT (M)
Hon. JOHN C. LEGGAT (M)
Capt. BENJAMIN TICKNOR (LM)
Mayor EDWARD LARKIN
Mr. DORAN S. LYONS (LM)
Mr. BENJAMIN JAMES (M)
Mr. WALLACE C. DAY (M)
Mr. ALBERT BARNARD (M)
Mr. RALPH EASTMAN (M)
Mr. WILLIAM BROWN (LM)
Mr. WILLIAM SNYDER (M)
Mr. PHILIP N. SANBORN (M)
Mr. JOSEPH GANNON (M)
Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS (M)

INTERESTING LETTERS RECEIVED BY YD PARIS COMMITTEE

Many who were invited to attend the dedication ceremonies at Belleau were unable, for one reason or another, to be present. The following letters are but a few of the many received from these.

La Marechale Foch, widow of Marshal Foch, wrote in part as follows: "Please believe that if I am unable to be at Belleau in body, I will be there in heart and thoughts with you, and that I will have on that day a special and very dear memory of the American soldiers who fell in that region for the defense of our land."

From Raymond Poincare, great post-war Premier of France, and former President: "I wish to thank you for your kindness in inviting Mme. Poincare and me to the dedication of the church at Belleau, reconstructed by the 26th Division. We feel it a pious and patriotic duty to assist at that ceremony, but the state of my health forces me to remain in

Paris. Madame Poincare and I beg you to accept our deepest regrets."

Mme. Jules Jusserand, wife of the former Ambassador from France to Washington, writes: "It is with deep regret that we shall be deprived of the honor of being present on so moving and stirring an occasion. My husband has been seriously unwell of late, and although better now, would not be able to make the trip to Belleau. But we shall be with you and the veterans in spirit, and our gratitude for their token of friendship and for the noble and touching form it has taken will be added to that of the inhabitants of the little town, so sorely tried, and which the valor and sacrifice of the 26th Division wrested from the invader and restored to them once more. We have carried away from our twenty-two years' stay in America a profound affection for her people and it is of the sort which shall never wane."

From General PASSAGA (HM): "The friendship and esteem which I have for the veterans of America, and in particular for the veterans of the Yankee Division who gave me at Boston in 1927 an unforgettable reception, would make it a most agreeable duty to accept this invitation with all haste, were it not, as I have just written to General EDWARDS, that the condition of my health will not allow me to travel. I will be grateful to you if you will act as my interpreter to all my comrades of the Yankee Division and to their former commander, General EDWARDS, in expressing to them, with my profound regrets, my unchanging friendship."

General Degoutte, under whose command the 26th Division was during the Aisne-Marne offensive which freed Belleau, wrote: "You well know how cordial were my relations with the American troops during the war and with their officers, and in what high esteem I hold them still. It is for that reason that we should have been most happy to have replied affirmatively to your invitation. Find here the expression of our regrets and the assurance of my best and most devoted regard."

General Pershing wrote as follows: "It is with great regret that I find myself unable to be with you when you dedicate the very fitting memorial you have erected to the memory of our fallen comrades. This memorial will stand for all time, we hope, as a reminder, also, of the valor of the men of the 26th Division on the field of honor which it serves to mark.

May I ask you to extend my greetings to the assembled veterans, and my renewed congratulations for the splendid service they gave to cause and country during the World War.

OLD FAMILIAR PLACES AS THEY LOOK ELEVEN YEARS AFTER

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

(By courtesy of the Boston Globe)

Prior to the war, it is doubtful if many American tourists ever took the trouble to visit those regions of northeastern France which boast none of the attractions of the chateau country or the Riviera. Even to-day, with "battle-field tours" included in every well regulated guide book, many of the hidden nooks and corners dear to the hearts of two million soldiers are unfrequented, their peasant folk still living their ancient and tranquil lives. For the tourist clan has one firm and steadfast rule: all things must be done according to Hoyle, certain places must be "done," and battlefields are given little time. Not so however the ex-soldier. For him the memory of some kind old *grandmere* whose pommes-de-terres frites lighted the drab pathway of drudgery and rain and mud, or some sweet trysting place beneath the arched trees lining the placid canal banks hold far stronger atraction than all the arts and architecture of emperors and kings. To each man the panorama of war was a distinct and separate picture: no two, even the closest of pals, recall exactly the same places and events with the same perspective.

But in a land whose people speak a foreign tongue, compromises must be made; there must be someone who can drive a car, someone who can speak a little French, and a large enough group to make for good fellowship and reminiscence. Some places will interest only one, but a spot holding attraction for the others is bound to be not too far away.

Following the ceremonies of dedication of the YD Memorial Church at Belleau on October 10, the hundred and fifty or more men of the Yankee Division might be found most anywhere in France in groups of two to a dozen, fulfilling their dream of revisiting familiar scenes. Nearly every night for a week found several groups, all unwittingly, stopping over in the same city and many a tale of the day's findings was told in some dimly lighted cafe over the glasses of vin blanc or biere.

Our group comprised GEORGE RAYMOND ROBERTS (M) of Newton of the 101st Infantry, EDWARD PACKTOR (M) of Hartford, formerly of the 102nd Infantry, and the writer who served in the 101st Engineers. Following the necessary formalities of procuring a French driving license, we hired a little Citoen and set forth in the whirling traffic of the metropolis under the guidance of a chauffeur whose duties ended at the city gate. The only untoward event of an auspicious departure occurred when our gas ran out owing to a defective gauge. The delay incurred provided time for a cognac and coffee while the chauffeur *cherched* some gas.

Memories of Bitter Disappointment

The first name of familiar (and sad) memory was that of Noisy-le-Sec, the great railroad junction just outside the city gate. It was there in the first days of July, 1918, that the entire Division, buoyed up with the false hope of parading in Paris on the Fourth, received the sealed orders which sent the long trains of 40 and 8's hurtling back to the bloody wheat fields of Torcy and Belleau while the tall spire of the Eiffel Tower faded in the distance—so near and yet so far.

Between Claye and Meaux, a short half hour's drive from the city limits, stands the impressive statue of Marshal Gallieni, on the spot where the taxicab army contacted the advance guards of the enemy. Only by approaching from Paris can one obtain a true impression of the alarmingly short distance which separated the flying Uhlans from the capital. In all France there is no spot more important, for here, if anywhere, the war was truly won.

In Meaux, a very good lunch was obtained and proper deference paid to the ancient cathedral which suffered itself to be photographed once more.

At la-Ferte-sous-Jouarre, we entered the first really familiar region. Here the rear echelon of the Division was stationed during the frightful days of July and August, 1918. The big commissary tent is gone and it is now possible to cross the bridge over the Marne with as many buttons unbuttoned as one could desire for the M.P.s have vanished. The big hole in the roof of the railroad station, made by an aerial bomb, has been patched and scarcely a sign of the war remains.

Following the road along the river bank rather that that which mounts the heights to Montreuil-aux-Lions, Belleau, Torcy and Vaux, for those regions had already been visited on the day of dedication, we came upon the Chateau Saulsoy, General Edwards's headquarters for a week before the 26th relieved the second in the Pas Fini Sector. Here also, at Chamigny, and in the surrounding fields, the 101st Engineers bivouacked along the river bank listening to the rolling thunder of guns which they were soon to face.

A Former Residence Located

At Nanteuil-sur-Marne, the writer came upon the first sign of a billet which he had once occupied just after the Division was relieved following the reducing of the Chateau Thierry salient in July. The gate entering the courtyard was locked, but with the assistance of my two companions, I was able to climb up and look in. This unaccountable act so outraged the feelings of the few people who observed it that we had visions of a platoon of gendarmes and rolled out of town toute suite.

The town of Chateau Thierry, our next stop, is so completely rebuilt that one would never suspect war had touched it. A new bridge crosses the Marne, replacing that which was destroyed in 1918, and everything is spick and span. Here we visited the Reverend Julian Wadsworth and his wonderful wife in the beautiful Methodist memorial which they have organized and supported. Babies are cared for here while their mothers work, classes in English provided for older children and grown-ups; all in all one of the most splendid works in all France. I, for one, confess to a lump in my throat when twenty-five tots from four to ten years old, sang in our honor a little chanson they had just learned, the burden of which was "Vive l'Amerique." A whole book could be written of this wonderful memorial, but we must pass on.

Mounting the heights of the Marne in a golden westering sun, we came out on the plateau where battle raged eleven years ago. The little villages of Epieds and Trugny, historic names, are rebuilt and goining on in their sleepy way. We all received a real thrill when, in the gathering twilight, we identified the very corner in the road where the 150 mm. howitzer, now on Boston Common was ditched by the Germans in their hurried retreat, and captured by the 26th Division. On the hill just above stands Breteuil Farm, around its still muddy and smelly courtyard. Here throughout one memorable night Jack Greenway's battalion of the Engineers held the front line alone, although they never knew it until afterwards. Here also General Billy Weigel, commanding the 56th Infantry Brigade of Pennsylvania's 28th Division, ranked Colonel George Bunnell out of his headquarters to the latter's great disgust.

Night found us at Soissons where splendid accomodations were found at the rebuilt Lion Rouge, and the evening spent in reminiscence with other YD groups which drifted in, including General Edwards, Colonel Hyatt, Major and Mrs. Wayland Minot. Morning revealed a still battle scarred Soissons, with shrapnel gouges in the walls of nearly every building, and the magnificent cathedral a frightful skeleton of its former glory. Work however is going on apace and even that priceless treasure will some day approximate its former appearance. The ancient Abbaye of St. Jean des Vignes still presents its hoary and ruined appearance.

The Old Quarries of Chemin des Dames

Rolling north from Soissons we come out again on the broad plateau, where in the summer of 1917, General Nivelle finally pushed back the enemy, in the famous engagements of Chemin des Dames and Malmaison. This is a hilly and beautiful country well known to the men of the 26th Division. At Mont de Leuilly, after a long search I had the pleasure of locating the now boarded entrance to the sandstone quarry where for six weeks in February and March, 1918, my own company lived during its first front line experience. All efforts to induce one

of the old ladies there to unbolt the doors and let us enter were fruitless, so we had to be content with a picture of the entrance. Across the deep valley, where a few cattle were browsing and the morning mists were lifting, "Monkey Mountain," the bristling arsenal of French 75's loomed dimly.

Turning back to Soissons, we pursued the river road to the little village of Vailly, where the Division's first battle dead were buried in the snow of February, under leaden skies. The bodies have of course been moved to one of the American cemeteries. Mounting the heights once more we took the historic Chemin des Dames highway, an ancient dirt road which follows the crest of a ridge for nearly fifteen miles, commanding a most magnificent panorama of the country on both sides. Descending for a few moments into the village of Filain once of three hundred, now of forty people, we talked with an old French man who had lived there behind the German lines, with his wife, for three years until the French advance of 1917 enabled them to escape before the Boche wave again rolled over in May, 1918. Here also, George found an old cellar in which he had lived while in that sector. It was at the canal near Filain that a barrage, dropped squarely upon a party attempting to put across a pontoon, killing or wounding every man and earning for Captain CORNELIUS BEARD of A Company, 101st Engineers, the D.S.C. All about on the hillsides the ground is plowed, and at the sides of the road are little heaps of barbed wire, shell rings and rusty helmets.

The Terrible Hills of Verdun

Mounting once more to the Chemin des Dames highway, we pursued for over twelve miles a road literally dotted with monuments and lined with cemeteries, testimony of the suffering and of the valor.

Turning south into Reims we lunched and stood awed before the unspeakable glory of the cathedral. As it was Sunday we were unable to visit the famed wine cellars. Just before entering Reims we came, all unwittingly, upon a little ceremony of unveiling of a war monument in the tiny village of la Neuvilette. Passing on, after dark, through Chalons-sur-Marne and Ste. Menehould we skirted the southern border of the Argonne forest reaching Verdun in time for dinner, and a comfortable bed.

Early on a cloudless morning, after viewing the impregnable citadel which underlies the city and photographing one of the most famous gates in the world, we set out on the circuit tour of the terrible hills to the northeast, still bearing their bare and scarred wounds. A land of most utter desolation, stretching to the far horizon, every square yard of every hill and deep ravine pock-marked and tortured. Places where villages had stood show not one stone upon another. From the crumbling parapet of Fort Vaux we looked out upon the next ridge over which came the gray horde to make a wild frontal attack; beneath our feet were the passages in which for three days the living and the dead had lain horribly intermingled without food or water, the last word received from them being, "Vive la France!" And from a crevice in the crumbling stones we picked a blood red poppy—and passed on.

The tall white finger of the Ossuary beckoned in the morning sun from the next hill. Its terrible, yet glorious symbolism commands the entire region, where other man-made edifice there is none. Standing with bared heads and in hushed silence beneath its cloister, emotion coursed too deep for utterance. Passing on to the Bayonet Trench, with its massive stone covering, given by America, we looked in on the now rusting bayonets, projecting from the soil, below which skeleton hands still grip the rifle butts. Returning to Bras, our Divisional headquarters at the signing of the Armistice, we passed down the most utterly desolate ravine that exists on the globe, glaring shell holes over-lapping each other on every hand. "They did not pass!"

From Verdun our course lay south along the western side of the old St. Mihiel salient. At Rupt-en-Woevre, inquiry revealed that the old cure, M. Leclerc, who wrote to General Edwards one of the most touching tributes of the war in gratitude for the freeing of his village, had passed on to his reward several years ago. At Pi Park, on the hill above St. Remy, diligent and patient search revealed the concrete dugout which had been used for a dressing station by the Second Battalion of the Engineers. A picture was taken of that section of the Grand Tranchee de Calonne which the Engineers rebuilt in a single night. Thence along the Grand Tranchee, following the footsteps of Hiram Bearss's 102nd on their epochal march into Hattonchatel and Vigneulles on the night of September 13th pinching out the salient. Descending at Hattonchatel onto the plain of the Woevre and into Vigneulles, we found that the 1st Division which arrived from the south some seven hours after the 26th had occupied the town have a monument telling of their dead.

Tablet Dedicated at Seicheprey

Our objective for 12:30 was Seicheprey, "the Saratoga of the World War," where in April, the 102nd held off an entire division of German storm troops in the first real engagement of the 26th Division. In Seicheprey we were participants in a very beautiful ceremony of the unveiling of a memorial tablet on the wall of the new chuhch there. This placque which commemorates the deeds of all American troops in that sector was given by Mrs. Peters, an American lady living in Paris, who lost a son in the 1st Division. About thirty of the Yankee Division were present including General EDWARDS (LM). The Cure of Seicheprey made a truly inspired address honoring the American troops and General Edwards made a brief and touching

reply. Close beside the church stands the memorial fountain to the men of Connecticut who participated in the battle of Seicheprey. Sad to relate this shows signs of neglect. Following the unveiling, Mrs. Peters provided a lunch for all in an adjoining cafe, with 1894 vintage red wine. Spirits ran high, and the last that was seen of four of the party, they were riding bareback down the road, each with a bottle tucked under his arm. The same old army.

In the afternoon we visited as many as possible of the scores of familiar towns in the Toul Sector, passing in entire safety around "Dead Man's Curve" at Beaumont. On top of Mont Sec, which is honeycombed with subterranean passages, the substructure of an American monument is rising. This is being built by the United States to commemorate the St. Mihiel offensive.

In Raulecourt, I snapped a picture of my old billet. The town is as dirty and unattractive, and the people as inhospitable as ever. At Vignot we had quite a celebration after diligent search had revealed Madam Pierrot and her now charming daughter Madeleine, for whom I had a message from one of the boys of my own company. Madeleine consented, after dolling up properly, to have her picture taken, and if it looks as sweet as she did, it will be well worth saving.

Turning west we passed through Commercy, as sleepy as ever, along the valley of the Moselle, through the ancient town of Toul and on into Nancy la Coquette for the night.

Back Into Old Training Areas

In the morning our noses pointed for Neufchateau, the Division's first home in France, where a royal reception awaited us. George Roberts, ever thoughtful, brought with him a signed testimonial from the men of Machine Gun Company, 101st Infantry, who had lived with M. Viot, the Superintendent of the Gas Works, a lovable old gentleman. This document bore over sixty individual signatures of men these folks had known and still remember. Their joy was absolutely unbounded. After visiting Geoffrion, an old 102nd Infantry man who lives permanently in Neufchateau with his wife and little boy, and being entertained not wisely but too well, and visiting several other old friends and neighbors, we repaired to the Viot's for a real home dinner. All the Viot clan who could be assembled were there, and most charming was little Jacqueline Grillot, the grand-daughter, aged eight, who spent much of the evening in my lap. Reminiscence and memories ran riot and wine flowed without stint. The party ended with us three taking turns in carrying the petite Jacqueline pig-a-back up through the village to her home, her father and mother—Lucienne remembered by many as a young girl—following on behind. One more call was made upon "Mother" Adam and her daughter Suzanne, perhaps the most beautiful girl in all of France. (Just one man's judgment.)

Spending the night in Neufchateau, we passed on in the morning to Chaumont, bustling and thriving, and to Rolampont, familiar only to the Engineers. Here my two companions who were anxious to return to Paris left me, at my own suggestion, to my own resources, and rolled away in the car. All afternoon I roamed the familiar crooked streets, once having to show my passport to an officious gendarme who probably had never seen an American in the village before. Old friends in sabots came pouring forth from every door and incidents of my own doing which I had completely forgotten were recalled to me. They forget nothing. My own old grandmere Maitrier, seventy years old, a widow, and living alone, wrung her hands and groaned with ecstasy to think that one of the boys had not forgotten her. A frugal supper in a low ceiled old kitchen, a last look in the silver moonlight at the crooked tile roofs, and then the train to the old fortress city of Langres.

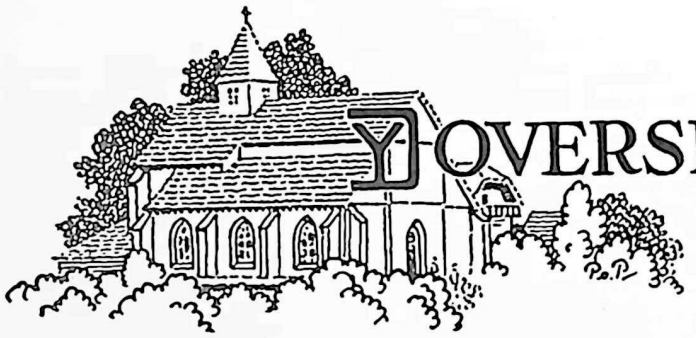
Mounting on the cog railway out of the mists in the valley of the Marne up into the crystalline moonlight of the battlemented ancient city, the thrill of old France flowed through one's blood. After a night in a most uncomfortable hotel to which I was led by the engineer of the cog railway and allowed to enter only after a sleepy inspection by a somewhat boozy old fellow, morning found the trip at an end.

A walk around the ramparts, built under France's first king, Francois I, and an inspection of the old Roman gate dating from 150 A.D., a cursory glance at the forbidding walls of the Caserne Carteret Trecourt, where I had nearly frozen for two weeks in January 1918, and then the train for Paris, a journey which in the box car days of 1917 has taken 36 hours, was made in three.

YD GIFTS
to
YD MEN

Christmas is Near

MOTHERS AND WIVES
STOP IN AT
THE YD CLUB
AND LOOK OVER OUR
YD NOVELTIES



YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO NOVEMBER 1

	Cash Rec'd	*Pledges*	*Totals*
Div. Hq. & Hq. Tr.	$3,542.70	$ 140.00	$3,682.70
101st Inf.	3,226.78	241.00	3,467.78
101st F. A.	8,462.09	186.50	8,648.59
101st Tr. M.	112.00	5.00	117.00
101st Sup. Tr.	229.30	40.00	269.30
*101st San. Tr.	1,250.65	15.00	1,265.65
101st F. Sig.	519.32	57.00	576.32
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	308.95	34.00	342.95
101st M. G. Bn.	957.59	15.00	972.59
101st M. O. R. S.	32.00	.....	32.00
101st Engrs.	4,975.28	267.00	5,242.28
101st Amm. Tr.	2,375.85	62.00	2,437.85
102nd Inf.	1,771.38	150.50	1,921.88
102nd F. A.	3,103.45	122.25	3,225.70
102nd M. G. Bn.	1,305.40	105.00	1,410.40
103rd Inf.	6,332.30	2,212.00	8,544.30
103rd F. A.	3,286.25	67.50	3,353.75
103rd M. G. Bn.	633.95	131.00	764.95
104th Inf.	3,666.71	212.00	3,878.71
51st Art. Brig.	622.00	.....	622.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	208.43	10.00	218.43
51st Inf. Brig.	143.40	.....	143.40
Miscellaneous	1,952.84	66.00	2,018.84
Bank Interest	1,698.13	.....	1,698.13
Postage on Brochures	4.38	.....	4.38
	$50,721.13	$4,138.75	$54,859.88

*Includes
101st F.H.
101st Amb. Co.
101st San. Tr. Hq.
102nd F.H.
102nd Amb. Co.
103rd F.H.
103rd Amb. Co.
104th F.H.
104th Amb. Co.

Donors 4184 Pledges 246

Amount Pledged		$ 4,262.75
Amount paid on Pledges		124.00
Amount Due on Pledges		$ 4,138.75
Cash Received		$50,721.13
Pledges Due		4,139.75
TOTAL		$54,859.88

Other articles in this number deal with the different phases of the YD Pilgrimage of dedication. Perhaps this is a suitable place for a more detailed description of the church itself.

First, it is essential that we all understand that although the church has been dedicated, our task is not yet completed. Only two of the memorial stained-glass windows are as yet in place, that over the altar, and one of the side windows which was taken over on the Carmania and installed prior to the day of dedication. Eight more windows must be subscribed for, designed, executed and installed in the place of the plain ones there now. The stone tablets bearing the names of the Division's dead are already financed through the generous gift of the Massachusetts National Guard, and the altar given by the 103rd Infantry is most beautiful and fitting, but many of the interior fittings are yet to be furnished, and much remains to be done in the way of grading, paving and planting to make the exterior what it should and must be. The tower clock and bells were a surprise to nearly everyone, having been given quietly and kept secret by General SHERBURNE (LM). Exactly how much is needed to complete all details is not known exactly until a detailed report is received from France.

In its present state, the church is already beautiful beyond the hopes of those of us who were somewhat prepared for something less pretentious and well designed. The architect, M. d'Estailleur, has succeeded in imparting a feeling of age to the new structure, partly, of course, through copying the old design and using the old material, but also in part through his skilfull handling of the restoration.

In conception and significance, we have the right to feel that our Memorial is by far the finest of any erected by any Division in France. Let us, therefore, before exclaiming, "It is done," make one last effort to add to it those final touches of beauty which will be the pride of our later years and of our sons.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(*In addition to those previously acknowledged*)

(Y. D. V. A. members not designated)

Monroe Townsend	102 F. A.
Oliver Swenson	103 Inf.
John M. Murphy	101 Amm. Tr.

Andrew H. Inkster	102 Inf.	
James F. Campbell	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Wm. Morrison	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Jas. W. Linnehan	102 Inf.	
Martin Jos. Gordon	101 Inf.	
Geo. W. Cosmar	102 Inf.	
Charles H. Smith	101 Amm. Tr.	
Battery C	101 F. A.	
In memory of:		
Henry J. Behn	Geo. H. Tanner	
Ralph A. Corey	Wm. Towle	
Gordon E. Denton	Thos. A. Austin	
John T. Fallon	Alex A. Danzis	
Chas. F. Hammond	Arthur S. Eldredge, Jr.	
Wm. J. Keyes	Herbert B. Harris	
John H. Leighton	Thos. J. McDonald	
Edwin T. Probasco	Richard Mead	
Chas. L. Smelledge	Jos. H. Morrill	
Nicholas Spallas	Elmer M. Rossman	
John H. Fallon	101 F. Sig.	
Anthony C. Colombo	101 Tr. Hd.	
"In memory of Edw. L. Murtagh"	101 Tr. Hq.	
Malcolm C. Brown	103 F. A.	
John Leary	101 F. A.	
Raymond F. Sanders	103 F. A.	
Edwin J. Noyes	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Napoleon Rogers	104 Inf.	
Frank N. Moore	104 Inf.	
Frederick B. Moreau	104 Inf.	
Samuel J. Bowers	103 F. A.	
Chas. T. Lemoine	103 F. A.	(Add.)
Col. H. L. M. Eldredge	101 Amm. Tr.	
C. L. Hedges	102 M. G.	
H. J. Lunney	101 M. G.	
Oscar Marchand	101 Eng.	
Joseph F. Glancy	101 Inf.	
Winfield S. Hodgkins	103 Inf.	
Denns J. Swanson	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Samuel A. Swanson	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Frank Gibbs	101 Eng.	
Sidney A. Newcombe	104 Inf.	
John N. Mahoney	101 Amm. Tr.	
Harold Timmins	101 Amm. Tr.	
Wm. F. Lacey, Jr.	101 Inf.	
Philip F. Mulvey	Misc.	
Theodore P. Hall	102 Inf.	
Herbert V. Carr	101 F. Sig.	
Wm. J. McCarthy	101 Inf.	
"In memory of 'Pinky' Geo. J. Osterle" (by James A. Cavanagh)	103 Inf.	
E. P. LeBlanc	101 Eng.	(Add.)
W. J. Hamlin	Misc.	
Joseph G. Gavin	101 F. A.	(Add.)
James McCarthy	102 F. A.	(Add.)
H. R. Brownson	101 Eng.	
"Im memory of Louis R. Daniels" by Mrs. Fannie M. Daniels	101 M. G.	
Elford Rogers	101 M. G.	
Wm. Gray	101 M. G.	
Wallace H. Gladwin	101 M. G.	
L. B. Neeld	101 M. G.	
James A. Parsons	101 M. G.	
E. E. Alton	101 M. G.	
H. N. Chandler	101 M. G.	
D. A. Blease	101 M. G.	
Louis R. Lyman	101 M. G.	
David Sherman Green	101 M. G.	
Wm. G. Skinner, Jr.	101 M. G.	
Frederick L. Way	101 M. G.	
Roberts K. Skinner	101 M. G.	
Jas. L. Howard	101 M. G.	(Add.)
Wm. J. Sweeney	101 M. G.	(Add.)
John B. Riddell	101 M. G.	
D. Wm. Hutcheson	101 Eng.	Add.)
Houghton Bulkeley	101 M. G.	
Collection Box at YD Club	Misc.	
Chas. A. Dodge,	101 Eng.	(Add.)
Richard H. Miller	101 F. A.	(Add.)
John A. Colbert	Misc.	
Wm. P. Herod	Hq. Tr.	
Arthur T. Hall	104 Inf.	
Jos. A. Mulherin	101 F. Sig.	
Kenneth D. Johnson	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Geo. J. McGinn	101 M. G.	
Frank A. Reed	104 Inf.	
Edw. L. Maccabee	104 Inf.	
Harvey L. Kent	104 Inf.	(Died)
Daniel A. Jones	104 Inf.	
Bertram C. J. Warner	104 Inf.	
Donald B. Logan	104 Inf.	
Robert J. Sullivan	104 Inf.	
Thomas A. Bond	104 Inf.	
Joseph J. Gannon	104 Inf.	(Add.)
Robert J. O'Brien	104 Inf.	
Harry L. Doane	104 Inf.	
Wm. J. Broderick	104 Inf.	
Thomas Finnerty	104 Inf.	
Bernard M. Berry	104 Inf.	
Dr. Holland Giles	104 Inf.	
Richard Weiser	104 Inf.	
Norman E. Corwin	104 Inf.	
Thomas J. Keator	104 Inf.	
F. E. Jones	Div. Hq.	
Philip L. Schuyler	101 M. P.	(Add.)
Raymond Stevens	103 Inf.	
Thos. L. O'Connor	52 Inf. Br.	
Newkirk Crockett	102 Inf.	
Horace Z. Landon	101 Eng.	(Add.)
James W. Radcliffe	101 Tr. M.	
Nelson Patchett	104 Inf.	
Walter F. Brigham	104 Inf.	
Willard Simpkins	102 F. A.	(Add.)
Mrs. Fannie B. H. Bulkeley	101 M. G.	
Donald R. MacAfee	101 F. A.	
David S. Curtin	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Roger A. Greene	101 Tr. M.	(Add.)
YD Collection Box	Misc.	
Joseph Glancy	101 Inf.	(Add.)
Wm. C. Hoxie	101 Sup. Tr.	

Paul L. DeVerter	104 Inf.	(Add.)
J. L. James	102 Amb.	
Wm. E. Crandall	101 Amm. Tr.	
George J. Croix	103 F. A.	
John E. Parker	104 Inf.	
Edward J. Weepie	102 F. A.	
L. C. Eggleston	101 M. G.	
Battery D Vet. Ladies Aux. (rec'd through Mrs. Ethel Magrath, Secy.)	102 F. A.	
Howard E. Russell	101 San. Tr.	
John J. Hickey	103 F. A.	
Elliott E. McDowell	104 Inf.	
Richard Peters	Hq. Tr.	

COLLECTED ON YD PILGRIMAGE

From ship pools on YD Pilgrimage	Misc.	
Song written by Bill Rhodes sold on YD Pilgrimage	Misc.	
Miscellaneous Donation		
Slater Washburn	101 F. A.	(Add.)
Misses Marie R. and Amalia E. Pinterits, "In memory of YD's honored dead and and brother Julius"	102 M. G.	
Philip English	102 Inf.	(Add.)

THROUGH ANOTHER'S EYES

By Carrie Otis Cox

HAVRE—Early morning, cloudy gray sky, green sea, pitiless wind and rain, and the Yankee Division arriving! I drank my "cafe au lait" and waited impatiently for a taxi that did not turn up. At last I set forth in the blinding rain and managed to pick up a car in town. I saw three French veterans on the way to the Carmania and offered them a lift, one of them was on crutches but his brown eyes were smiling under the Basque "beret." They accepted, but with true Poilu chivalry, they insisted upon paying the fare and I could not hurt their feelings, they know their war-time American friend and they know she loves every wounded hero among them. As we reached the Cunard Line shed, the strains of the Star Spangled Banner floated through the air. In the hall, decorated with flags and bunting, General CLARENCE EDWARDS, tall, handsome, soldierly looking, was surrounded by General SHERBURNE, Colonel KEVILLE, General COLE, Colonel HUME, etc. Good old fashioned New England names rang out, CARMODY, MILLER, SPRAGUE, WASHBURNE, MINOT, LEGGATT, they sound fine but sad to one who has lived in France thirty years . . . Memories crowd, a Down East village, Main Street, the corner grocery, the brick schoolhouse, childhood and girlhood . . . the dead past!

Brilliant uniforms surround General Edwards; Subprefect Lalmand tenders the greeting of the French Government to the heroes of Belleau and Chateau-Thierry; General Destrie is the French War Office envoy and beams on his erstwhile brother-at-arms; the Acting Mayor, M. Meyer, slips into English with a Havre accent, gorgeous mace bearers in silver and black, with the tricolor cockade in their shovel hats, come forward and present flowers tied with the dark red and blue colors of Havre to Mrs. William J. Keville and Mrs. Cole. "When the 26th Division arrived in the field," General Destrie is saying, "our officers exclaimed: 'They are too brave, we must hold them back.'"

"You came over to battle for right and liberty actuated by the same spirit that sent your forefathers to American shores three centuries ago," were Subprefect Lalmand's closing words.

Pretty Madame Raoul Grosos representing "La Beinvenue Francaise" smiled a dimpled greeting on officers and doughboys. General Edwards returned thanks. His words were fine, some of them will be long treasured by the French who were privileged to hear them: "Neither isolation, nor language, nor barriers, nor treaties, will ever separate our two countries." It took a New Englander, a descendant of Puritan ancestors, one of those upright men brought up on principles, baked beans and brown bread, to put in a nutshell that which statesmen around Geneva tables have not dared say in all these years. Thank God, war comradeship sticks!

United States Consul Edward C. Kemp was watching the veterans debark, their flags carefully rolled and covered. The 26th Division distributed cigarettes to the Poilus who played the legendary Madelon with war time vigor. A hundred blue-uniformed French soldiers stood at attention under the Cunard shed, on the train platform, while General Edwards, accompanied by the Havre authorities, passed them in review.

There were also those little incidents that mark every boat arrival. Landing cards shouted for, Cunard attendants rushing baggage, and the station master anxiously wondering if "schedule" time would get the better or worse of "social" time, for by now the hall had taken on the appearance of a fashionable reception. Pretty American women looking fresh and rosy in spite of a tossing sea, were listening to French officers and trying to understand. All sorts of accents were heard, and when speech was impossible, smiles and bows, conveyed greetings and wishes.

It was getting dangerously near nine o'clock and the station master thought it high time to assume charge, regardless of pretty American girls and uniformed Frenchmen.

Just before the General went on the train, the vice-president of the French veterans, Mr. Huet, spoke in the name of all his comrades, sending through the 26th Division, a message to the soldiers of America, to the boys who fought, to the boys who live, to the boys who died, a message saying that their "camarades" remember . . . General Edwards understood, and his last smile, as the train drew out slowly was for that group of mutilated men.

Mrs. Keville waved the Havre colors that held her flowers, the band struck up a smart military tune, and at last the sun burst out gloriously, as the Yankee Division passed on, through the fair fields of Normandy, to Paris and Belleau shrine.

HERE ARE THE REST OF THOSE PERSONALS

(Concluded from Page 20)

(M) did that little thing, and it's hard to say which enjoyed it the more.

The delegation was certainly top-heavy with pill rollers: Doc. RICHARD MILLER (M), Doc. CHARLES F. MAINS (M), Doc. JAMES GLASS (M), Doc. CHARLES H. SPRAGUE (M), Doc. JOHN KNOWLTON, Doc. James Lawlor, and Doc. SCHUYLER WALLER (M), constituted the medical detachment, although, as a dentist, we don't know as Doc. Waller qualifies. And there were about as many nurses.

The three musketeers, BEN JAMES (M), WALLY DAY (M), and Fred Wegener were about half the party returning on the Aurania to Montreal. Doc. Lawlor, the PERKINS brother, "PIP" (M) and John, and PHIL SANBORN (M), completed the delegation. It was a slow trip, a rough one, but a happy one withal.

Sitting at the table with BILL HEROD (M) on the way over was a liberal education in wines. Bill has lived for about seventeen years in France. Mr. and Mrs. HOWARD PERRY (M), the other pair of the foursome, made a mighty congenial group.

If time started to lag, the Mesdames Minot, Washburn, Lyons, English, Perry, and Misses Newton and Adams could always be counted on to start things moving again. We enter these charming ladies in a live-wire contest.

Jack Nunes had the entire crew of the Carmania gasping and banjo-eyed as he commenced his professional acrobatics along the rail or across the dining tables.

If only the Board of Directors of the Boston Wool Merchants' Association could have seen "Uncle Nat" Perkins on the night of the fancy-dress ball aboard the good ship Carmania.

Give CARROLL SWAN (LM) an assortment of raw material and half a rehearsal and watch the minstrel show he turns out. There is only one Carroll.

BILL MCCARTHY (M) earned a wound stripe which was never awarded when he wrenched his ankle so badly crossing the tracks at the Chateau-Thierry station that he had to spend a day in bed.

"DONO" MINOT (M), Gen. COLE (LM), CARROLL SWAN (LM), and Gen. SHERBURNE (LM), acted as auctioneers for the ship's pool. SLATER WASHBURN (M), JOE GANNON (M), DORAN LYONS (LM), and HOWARD PERRY (M), were among the constant bidders.

Everybody knows about FREDDY JACKSON'S (M) wild duck. If not, Ralph's story of the trip tells the sad tale.

Col. "COXY" GOODWIN'S (M) rendition of "Heaven Will Protect the Woiking Goil" ensures him a place in burlesque whenever the law business gets dull.

One passenger was certainly happy when the ship reached France. This was the little Boston terrier which SLATER WASHBURN (M) took across as a gift to his uncle. The little fellow sure looked lonesome in his cage way up on the boat deck.

Another honeymoon couple aboard beside the BARNARDS were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Broderick. This didn't prevent Tom lending a hand in YD festivities and answering a million questions about hotels, tours, and whatnot.

The last we saw of PATSY TORONTO, he had just made up his mind to leave for London, and had just twenty minutes to catch the boat train.

Oh, yes, and another bridal party, although they showed wisdom in going over a few weeks in advance, Col. and Mrs. BILL BLAKE (M).

Oh, well, what's the use. We could tell one on every last soul in the party. Perhaps next month some more. But for now, fini la guerre. And if your name's not here, be not offended, but thank God for your escape. The eye of YANKEE DOINGS knows all, sees all.

DECEMBER NUMBER FOLLOWING THIS IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS WILL TELL WHAT HAS BEEN GOING ON IN THE HOME SECTOR SINCE OCTOBER 1.

MEN

OF THE

YANKEE DIVISION

We have dedicated the most fitting and beautiful Divisional Memorial in France.

The time has not yet come when we can say:

"Our Task is Done"

One last effort is needed, or rather, one last opportunity is open, to make our memorial the perfect tribute it must be.

DO NOT MISS THAT OPPORTUNITY!

Address contributions to

RALPH M. EASTMAN, Treasurer
STATE STREET TRUST CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

Christmas Greeting Cards

IS THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

ONE DOLLAR BRINGS TWENTY BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED CARDS TO YOUR DOOR

NO ORDER TOO LARGE
NO ORDER TOO SMALL

Address:

TREASURER, Y. D. V. A.

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

BOSTON, MASS.